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# Lucian's Wonder Land

## *Lucian's wonderland*

Lucian (of Samosata.), John Basil  
Wynne Willson (Saint.)

WISH VS. THE WIND SOUTH.



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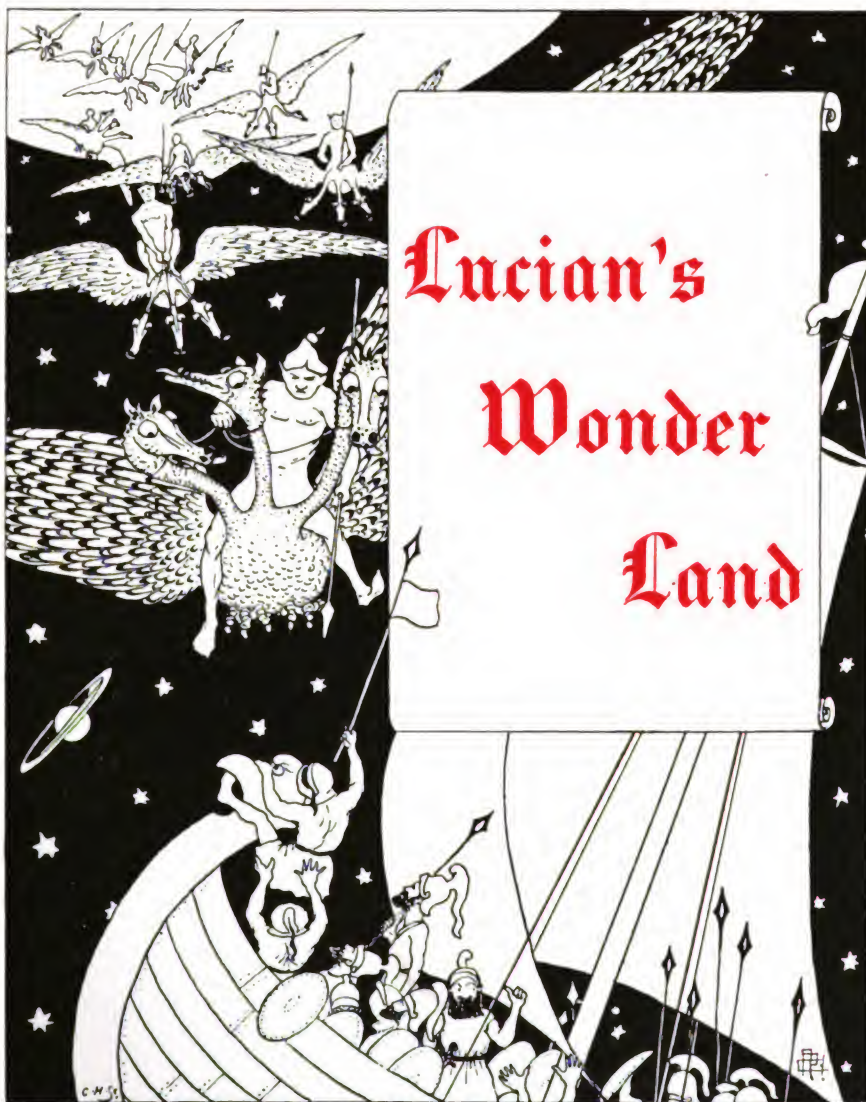


245 **Lucian's Wonderland**, a Translation of the Vera Historia, by St. J. B. Wynne Willson, relating Adventures on Sea, in the Islands, in the Air, in the Whale's Belly, etc., *finely illustrated by 16 full-page plates and numerous other sketches*, fcap 4to, 1899, cloth, new, 2s 3d (pub 10s 6d)

Lucian's Wonderland deserves a place among the best of the fairy books of the year.—  
"Pall Mall Gazette." *Irvine* 1910











# LUCIAN'S WONDERLAND

*BEING A TRANSLATION OF THE  
'VERA HISTORIA'*

BY

ST J. BASIL WYNNE WILLSON, M.A.

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## P R E F A C E.

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THIS work is not intended to be a literal translation. In many places it is a paraphrase. I have adopted several of the translated names descriptive of the various strange peoples and animals from Mr Jerram's very interesting edition of the work. I have to thank Mr E. E. Sikes, Fellow and Lecturer of St John's College, Cambridge, and my colleague, Mr J. Manisty Hardwich, for much valuable criticism.

Mr Garnett's illustrations will speak for themselves.

In dealing with Greek proper names, I have in some cases deliberately printed the better known Latin forms.

ST J. B. W. W.

RUGBY SCHOOL, Nov. 14, 1899.



## TRANSLATOR'S INTRODUCTION.

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LUCIAN was born probably about 120 A.D. at Samosata, the capital of Commagene in Syria. He died about the end of the century. Thus he was a contemporary of the Roman emperors Hadrian, Antoninus Pius, Marcus Aurelius, and Commodus.

Though by birth a Syrian, he was a pure Greek in language and genius. His parents were poor, and at an early age he was apprenticed to an uncle who was a sculptor. Whatever talent he had for the plastic art remained latent; for at his first attempt he

*b*

broke a slab of marble, and the heavy chastisement that he received in consequence from his master's hand sent him back to his mother in tears. His determination not to return to art was confirmed by a dream that he had that night, in which he found himself being dragged in opposite directions by two women—the one, whose name was Culture, fair and pleasing; the other, Sculpture, hard-handed and repulsive. With the smart of his uncle's blows still upon him, he fled eagerly to the former.

Apparently he did not immediately settle down to earning a livelihood, but, presumably without means, and, as is gathered from his writings, in the garb of a slave, wandered about Ionia.

We next find him as an advocate at Antioch, but an unsuccessful one, and in order to gain



means to live, he took to composing speeches for others to deliver. Being of a restless active spirit, he did not remain long at Antioch, but again set out on his travels, visiting Greece, Italy, and Gaul, practising the profession of an itinerant rhetorician. In this he was successful, and at the age of forty had saved enough to make him independent, though not rich. Disgusted with the tawdry tricks of the rhetorician's art, he returned home and devoted himself to literature.

In company with Peregrinus<sup>1</sup> he migrated

<sup>1</sup> Peregrinus was a Cynic philosopher who, after a youth of debauchery, visited Palestine, and became converted to Christianity. By means of well-practised hypocrisy he rose to some position in the Church, and returned to his native town of Parium on the Hellespont, where, to atone for the sins of his youth, he divided his property amongst his fellow-townsmen. Apparently from an innate craving for notoriety, he burnt himself alive at the Olympic games in 165 A.D. Lucian wrote a treatise on his death, which he witnessed.

to Greece. He settled at Athens and studied philosophy, not attaching himself to any particular school, but applying himself to the exposure of the fallacies of the various systems. It was at this period that he composed most of his many varied works.

Towards the close of his life he again fell into poverty, and was compelled to return to his old profession of speech-writing. From this drudgery he was saved by the Emperor Commodus, who installed him in a lucrative appointment at Alexandria. He seems to have discharged the office by deputy, living the while comfortably at Athens on the emoluments, troubled only by the common enemy of old age, the gout.

Suidas, a late writer, with a strong bias against Lucian, whom he regarded as a blasphemer against Christianity, ascribes his death

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to mad dogs, and condemns him to the companionship of Satan in everlasting fire.

*Vera Historia ; or, The Veracious History.*

The majority of Lucian's writings are pungent satires, generally written in the form of a dialogue, on the manners, customs, and thought of his time. The decadence of philosophy and the corruption of a worn-out religion were the chief subjects of his keen Aristophanic wit and sceptical humour.

The 'Veracious History' is of a somewhat different kind. It is a romance in which free rein is given to the play of a riotous fancy. Its object was to poke fun at writers of travel like Ctesias and Iambulus (whom he mentions), Hellanicus, Herodotus, and Xenophon, as well as at poets like Homer.

In the second book, in a mood of gentle and delightful pleasantry, he jokes at the Heroes of Greek mythology, the great men of history, and the prominent philosophers of various schools. Nor does he pass over his contemporaries ; but we who find it hard to discover all the allusions in Swift's 'Gulliver,' can scarcely expect to understand all the sly innuendoes and subtle hits at men and customs of his time.

Much of the 'Veracious History' is parody of the writers mentioned above ; some may be drawn from fables<sup>1</sup> and legends collected by

<sup>1</sup> Mr Jerram, in the Introduction to his edition, has an interesting paragraph, which I quote in full: "The stories in the collection known as the 'Arabian Nights' are some of them very ancient, or at least founded on very ancient traditions, and there are at anyrate two incidents in the 'Vera Historia' that may have been borrowed from this source. The similarity between the gigantic Kingfisher and the Roc, or Rukh, that in the Second Voyage of Sinbad the Sailor 'alighted on the dome [its egg] and brooded over it with its wings,' is obvious. Again, in the

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him on his travels, which, with his natural keenness of observation, he stored up and put to good use ; but more is due to the richness of his Oriental fancy combined with the keen intellectualism of Greece.

The influence of the 'Vera Historia' can be seen to a greater or less extent in modern writers like de Berjerac in his 'Voyage to the Moon' and 'Empire of the Sun,' Voltaire in 'Micromegas' and 'Princess of Babylon,'

Fifth Voyage the sailors break the Roc's egg and eat the young one which they find inside. The only doubt indeed arises from the sequel of this tale in the 'Arabian Nights.' There the ship is smashed by the enraged birds in revenge for their broken egg, and the temptation to note this incident would scarcely, we think, have been resisted by Lucian, if he had heard of it. The counterpart to the huge sea monster appears in a story told, not in the text of the 'Thousand and One Nights,' but in the Cairo edition of Sinbad's Seventh Voyage. In this expedition they encounter an enormous fish that could gulp down ships with their crews entire, and Sinbad's vessel would have been thus swallowed had not a storm come on and broken it in pieces just at the critical moment."

Rabelais in 'Gargantua,' Swift in 'Gulliver's Travels,' and the writer of 'Baron Münchhausen,' who reproduces whole incidents almost *verbatim*.

A great controversy has raged round Lucian as to his attitude towards Christianity. But this question does not concern the work here translated. Having lived at Antioch and travelled in the East, he must have been acquainted with Christianity and its literature ; but it is not needful to see in the description of the Island of the Blest a parody of the New Jerusalem of the Revelation, or in the mast that sprouted, the chasm in the ocean, and the great monster that swallowed the ship, to insist upon allusions to Aaron's rod that budded, the crossing by the Israelites of the Red Sea, and Jonah's whale.

Whether he was antagonistic or not to Christianity it is hard to decide, as the

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authenticity of the works which throw most light on the subject is open to great doubt. The probability is that he looked upon Christianity with the same critical eye as he regarded all religions of the time, and we cannot expect him to have formed a very high estimate of the creed from so pinchbeck an exponent of it as Peregrinus.

ST J. B. W. W.





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## AUTHOR'S INTRODUCTION.

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S athletes and experts in physical training pay heed not only to health and discipline, but also to reasonable relaxation, which they consider a part (and no unimportant part) of preparation ; so, too, those whose tastes are literary should, after the longer study of more serious subjects, relax their minds, and thereby render them fresher for future application. They would find the rest agreeable to them if they had resort to such writ-

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ings as will not only provide out of their wit and elegance a mere entertainment for the mind, but will also display a spirit of criticism not lacking in culture.

Some such opinion as this, reader, I durst think you will hold on this work. You will find attraction not only in the strangeness of the subject, the cleverness of the idea, or in any specious and plausible treatment of a variety of fictions, but also in the covert allusions (which each of the narratives contains, seasoned with a spice of satire) to some of the old poets, historians, and philosophers, whose works treat of many marvels and myths.

These authors I would have mentioned by name, had I not been sure that they would be perfectly obvious to you.

Ctesias, son of Ctesiochus, of Cnidus, in

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writing on India and its customs, has recorded things that he neither saw himself nor heard from the lips of another.

Again, Iambulus in his voyage in the Great Ocean tells many incredible stories. The fictitious nature of his narrative is perfectly clear, whilst the design of his composition is far from unpleasing. There are many others who have chosen similar themes to these for their works, professing to relate their own travels and life abroad, and discoursing on monstrous animals, strange men, and savage modes of living.

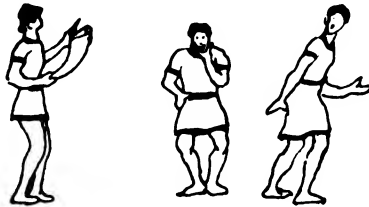
Their leader and master in such light jesting is Homer's Ulysses, with his tales of the imprisonment of the winds, of certain wild, one-eyed cannibals, of many-headed animals, and of the transformation of his comrades by Circe's drugs. Many portentous

stories of this kind he told to the Phæacians, who were a simple folk.

When I meet with such compositions, I lay no blame on the authors for the lying, seeing that it is a custom with those who profess philosophy. What stirs my wonder is, that they thought their lies would escape detection.

In my vanity I was anxious to bequeath some work to posterity, and I had no wish to be the only one without a share in the licence of imaginative literature; wherefore having had no adventures worthy of note, and thus having no veracious narrative to relate, I turned to fiction in a far more honest spirit than my predecessors. For this one truth I will tell, that I am lying. Thus I think I shall escape the general censure by a voluntary confession of falsity.

Be it understood, therefore, that I am writing of things that I never saw and never learnt from others ; furthermore, they are things that have no shadow of existence, and never could have at all. Therefore, reader, into whose hand this book falls, you must not believe it.





# BOOK I





## CHAPTER I.

WESTWARD-HO!—A WONDERFUL ISLAND—TRACES OF HERCULES  
AND DIONYSUS—MARVELLOUS VINES.



ONCE upon a time I started from the Pillars of Hercules, and set sail into the Western Ocean, making my voyage before a favourable wind.

The object and purpose of my travels was curiosity and a craving for novelty. I had a wish to learn what was the limit of the Ocean, and who were the men who lived on the other side. With this end in view I laid in a very large store of provisions, and put

on board a sufficient quantity of water, and persuaded fifty of my friends, of the same mind as myself, to join me. Also I provided a considerable quantity of arms, obtained the best helmsman that money could hire, and, in expectation of a long and stormy voyage, strengthened my vessel, which was of light build.

For a day and a night we sailed along before a favourable breeze, still in sight of land, and encountered no very rough water. But on the following day, as soon as the sun rose, the wind began to freshen and the waves to grow big. The sky became black, and we could not set the sail. Accordingly we surrendered ourselves to the mercy of the wind, and for seventy-nine days were tossed about in the storm.

On the eightieth the sun suddenly shone out, and we saw at no great distance a steep

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wooded island, round which the water was calm and smooth—for by this time the worst of the tempest was over. Putting in to shore, we disembarked, and, as you might expect after our prolonged sufferings, we lay for a long time on the ground. At length we rose and selected thirty of our number to remain to guard the ship, and twenty to accompany me in exploring the island.

We had gone about a third of a mile from the sea through the wood, when we saw a bronze pillar, inscribed with Greek characters, which were indistinct and wellnigh obliterated. The inscription ran as follows: “This spot was reached by Hercules and Dionysus in their wanderings.” There were two footprints close together on the rock, the one about thirty yards long and the other less, as it seemed to me. The smaller of the two was

that of Dionysus, and the other that of Hercules. We showed all due reverence, and passed on.

We had not proceeded far when we reached a river flowing with wine that bore a remarkable resemblance to Chian. The stream was broad and full, so that in some places it was deep enough for ships. When we saw these signs of Dionysus' visit, we were led to place all the greater trust in the inscription on the pillar. Determining to discover the source of the river, I proceeded up stream along the banks. No spring could I find, but only many large vines laden with grapes. At the root of each trickled drops of clear wine, which were the source of the river. We found also many fish in it that reminded us of wine both in colour and taste. At any rate, having caught and eaten some of them, we became drunk, and when we cut them up,



**THE VINE-WOMEN.**



we found them stuffed with grapes. Afterwards, however, when we noticed their effect, we mixed them with other fish from real water, and thus tempered the excessive strength of our feast of solid wine.

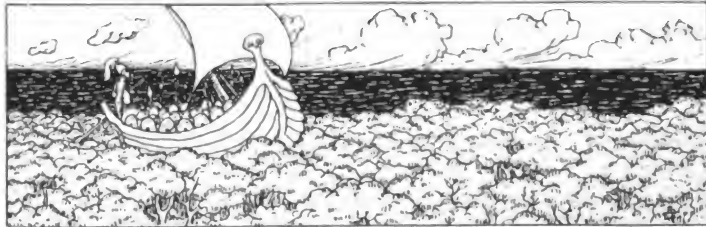
Crossing the river where it was fordable, we came upon a perfect marvel of a vine. The lower part that sprang from the ground, the stem itself, was well grown and thick ; but the upper part consisted of women fully developed from the breast upwards. Such, we are told, was Daphne when she was in process of transformation into a laurel in Apollo's grasp. From the finger-tips grew branches which were full of grapes. Moreover, their heads were adorned with luxuriant tresses of tendrils, leaves, and bunches of fruit.

On our approach they welcomed us and received us kindly, some speaking in the



Lydian, some in the Indian tongue, but most in the Greek. They also kissed us, and every one who was kissed immediately became drunk and distraught. However, they did not offer any of their fruit to be picked, but cried out in pain when it was plucked.

Leaving them, we hastened back on board, and on our arrival related all our adventures to our comrades who had been left behind. We provided ourselves with jars and drew water and also wine from the river, and having spent the night near it on the beach, we put out to sea at dawn with a moderate breeze.



**SAILING ON THE TREE-TOPS.**

## CHAPTER II.

A PRODIGIOUS WHIRLWIND—A VISIT TO THE MOON—ARRESTED  
BY HORSE-GRIFFINS—ENDYMION—BATTLE BETWEEN THE SUN  
AND MOON.



ABOUT noon, when we were out of sight of the island, a whirlwind suddenly overtook us, and eddy round the vessel, lifted it to a height of one million eight hundred thousand feet, and did not drop it again into the sea, but, whilst it was suspended in the air, the wind fell upon the sails and drove it along, bellying out the canvas.

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After an aerial voyage of seven days and seven nights, we sighted land in the air, like an island, luminous, spherical, and shining with a strong light. We put in to it, and having cast anchor, landed. On examining the country, we discovered it to be inhabited and cultivated. In the daytime we could see nothing from where we were, but when night came on, other islands were visible to us close by, some larger and some smaller, with the appearance of fire. There was also another land below with cities, rivers, seas, woods, and mountains on it. This we conjectured to be our world. Having made up our minds to proceed farther, we were suddenly arrested, meeting with creatures that the people of the country call Horse-Griffins. They are men riding on huge griffins and employing the birds as horses. These griffins



***THE SHIP IS CAUGHT UP INTO THE SKIES.***



are large and for the most part three-headed. One can judge of their size from the fact that each of their wings is bigger and stouter than the sail of a large merchant-ship. The creatures have orders to fly round the country and bring every stranger that may be found therein to the King.

Accordingly they arrest us, and conduct us to him. His Majesty, when he saw us, conjecturing our nationality from our dress, remarked, "Greeks, I presume, ye are, strangers?" On our assenting, "How came ye here?" he asked. "How did ye make so long a journey through the air?"

So we related to him all our adventures; and he began and narrated to us his own story—how that he himself also was a man, named Endymion, and had once on a time been caught up in his sleep from earth, and

on arriving in this land had been made King. He informed us that that land was the Moon, whose light shone down upon us below, but bade us be of good courage and suspect no danger. He assured us that we should be provided with all that we needed. "And if," he added, "I bring the war that I am now waging against the inhabitants of the Sun to a successful issue, you shall live the happiest of lives at my Court."

We inquired who the enemy were and what was the cause of the quarrel.

"Phaethon," he replied, "the King of the people of the Sun, which also is inhabited like the Moon, has for a long time past been making war on us. This he began for the following reason. I once collected the poorest of my subjects and wished to send them as a colony to Lucifer, which was desolate and

uninhabited. Phaethon became jealous and thwarted the colony, meeting them in the midst of their passage on his Horse-Ants. On this occasion we were defeated, as our force was not equal to his, and retreated.

“And now I wish again to prosecute the war and to despatch the colony. Therefore, if you are so minded, join with me in the expedition. I will furnish each of you with a griffin from the royal stables, and will provide you with all other necessary equipment. To-morrow we will begin our march.”

“Be it so,” said I, “since so it pleases your Majesty.” Then we feasted at his table and became his guests.

At dawn we arose and fell into rank, for the scouts were announcing that the enemy were close at hand. The main body of the army consisted of a hundred thousand men,



without reckoning the camp-followers, the engineers, the infantry, and the foreign allies. Of this force eighty thousand were Horse-Griffins, and twenty thousand men mounted on Cabbage-Fowls. This creature is a prodigious bird, bristling all over with cabbages instead of wings, and has quill-feathers resembling lettuce-leaves.

Arrayed against these were the Barley-Shooters and the Onion-Fighters. There came also allies from the Great Bear, thirty thousand Flea-Skirmishers and fifty thousand Wind-Racers. The Flea-Skirmishers ride on huge fleas, whence they get their name. The size of the fleas is about equal to that of twelve elephants. The Wind-Racers are foot-soldiers, and move along in the air without wings. The manner of their progression is this: clad in long trailing garments, they swell them out

with the wind like sails, and move as if they were ships. These generally play the part of targeteers in battle.

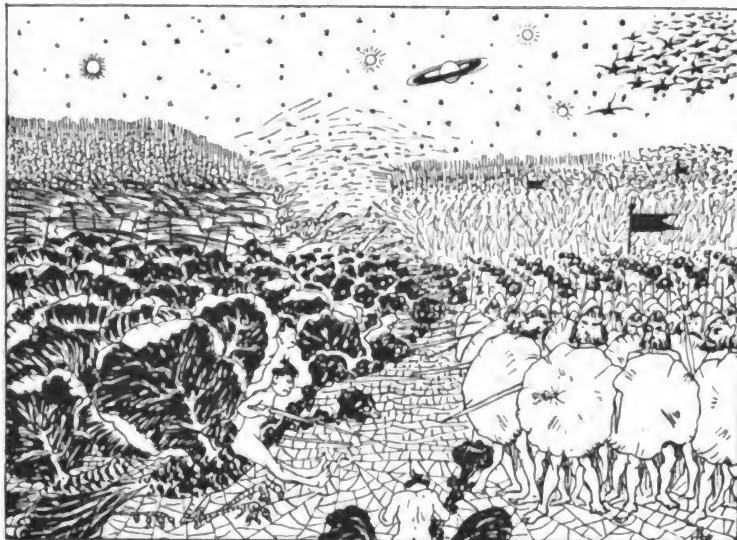
It was said that seventy thousand Sparrow-Nuts and fifty thousand Horse-Cranes were about to arrive from the Stars above Cappadocia. These I did not see, for they failed to arrive. Therefore I have not even ventured to describe their nature. Marvellous and incredible were the accounts given of them. Such were the forces of Endymion.

The equipment of all was the same. Their helmets were constructed of beans—for beans are big and strong in those parts—and their breastplates were of mail fashioned of peas-pods. The breastplates are formed by sewing together the pods of the peas. In this country the pod of the pea is as unbreakable as horn. Their shields and swords are like those of Greece.

When the time came, they stationed themselves as follows. The right wing was held by the Horse-Griffins and the King with a picked Staff, including ourselves. The left was occupied by the Cabbage-Fowls, and the centre by the allies in proper order. The infantry numbered about sixty millions. Such was the disposition of forces. In that country they have many huge spiders, each far bigger than one of the islands of the Cyclades. These the King ordered to cover with a web the whole expanse of air between Lucifer and the Moon. When with all despatch they had carried out the order, and made a battlefield, he drew up the infantry thereupon. The leaders were Nightjar, son of Lordocalm, and two others.

The enemy's left was held by the Horse-Ants with Phaethon amongst them. These

are huge winged creatures closely resembling our ants in all except size—for the biggest of them was about two hundred feet long.



**BATTLE IN THE AIR ON THE SPIDER-WEB PLAIN.**

Not only did their riders fight, but also the ants themselves with their antennæ. The number of them was said to be about fifty thousand. On the right wing were posted

the Sky-Gnats, in number about fifty thousand, all armed with bows and mounted on huge gnats.

In their rear came the Sky-Crows, on foot and lightly armed with bows; yet they too were good stout warriors—for they kept at a distance and slung monster radishes. He who was wounded thereby could not show fight even for a brief space, but died owing to the evil stench that immediately arose in the wound. They were said to anoint their arrows with poison of mallows. Near them were stationed the Stalky-Toadstools, heavy-armed troops who fought at close quarters, ten thousand in number. They were so called because they used shields made of fungus and spears of asparagus-stalks. Next to these stood five thousand Dog-Nuts, a reinforcement to the King from the Dog-Star. They had

faces like dogs and fought on winged acorns. The slingers, whom the King had sent for from the Milky Way, were expected, I was told, to arrive, as well as the Cloud-Centaurs. But the latter only arrived when the battle was decided (and I would that they had not arrived then), whilst the slingers did not appear at all. There is a report that afterwards in anger at this Phaethon burnt their land. Such was the force with which Phaethon was advancing.

The two armies drew close together, and when the signals had been given and the asses on each side had brayed — asses, I should say, they use instead of trumpeters — the battle began. The left wing of the Sunmen immediately fled without even waiting for the charge of the Horse-Griffins, and we pursued them with great slaughter. But their

right wing gained the advantage over our left, and the Sky-Gnats pressed on in pursuit right up to the infantry. Then, however, the foot-soldiers offered such stout resistance that the enemy turned and fled, especially when they witnessed the defeat of their friends on the left. The rout now became undisguised. Many were taken alive and many slain, and their blood flowed in streams over the clouds, so that they were dyed and became as red as they appear to us on earth at sunset. Much of the blood dropped down on to the earth, so that I asked myself whether it might not have been some such occurrence as this ages ago up in the sky that made Homer suppose that Zeus rained blood at the death of Sarpedon.

On our return from pursuit we set up two trophies—the one on the spiders' webs, to

celebrate the infantry battle; the other on the clouds, to celebrate the air-fight.

At this very moment it was announced by scouts that the Cloud-Centaurs, who ought to have reached Phaethon before the battle, were riding up. And in truth a very strange sight they presented as they approached, being a combination of winged horses and men. The size of the men—that is to say, from the middle upwards—was nigh that of the Colossus of Rhodes, whilst the size of the horses was about that of a big merchant-ship. Their number I have not recorded, through fear that it may appear incredible to some,—so prodigious was it. Their leader was the Archer of the Zodiac.

Seeing the defeat of their friends, they sent a message to Phaethon bidding him return to the charge, whilst they themselves in battle



array fell upon the Moon-men, who were in disorder—for they had broken rank, and had scattered in pursuit and in search of spoil. The enemy rout them all and chase the King himself up to the city, killing most of his birds. They tore down the trophies and overran the whole plain that had been woven by the spiders, whilst myself and two other of my companions they took prisoners. By this time Phaethon had arrived on the scene, and other trophies were being erected by the enemy.

As for ourselves, we were led off that same day to the Sun, with our hands tied behind our backs with a shred of spiders' web.

The victors determined not to besiege the city of the Moon, but, turning back, built a wall across the intervening space of air, so that the rays from the Sun should no longer

reach the Moon. The wall was double and built of clouds. The result was that a total eclipse of the Moon occurred, and the whole planet was shrouded in perpetual night.

In distress at these measures, Endymion sent an embassy, begging Phaethon to pull down the wall, and entreating him not to leave them to live in darkness. He promised to pay tribute, to be an ally, and never more to make war. As a guarantee thereof he was willing to give hostages. The subjects of Phaethon held two public assemblies: at the first they showed no signs of abatement of anger, but at the second they changed their minds, and peace was made on the following terms :—

It is known, by these presents, that the people of the Sun and their allies

have made a treaty with the people of the Moon and their allies on conditions appended :—

1. That the people of the Sun do pull down the wall and do no longer invade the Moon, but do give back the prisoners, each for a sum to be agreed upon.

2. That the people of the Moon do grant freedom and independence to all the other stars, and do not bear arms against the people of the Sun, but that the two peoples do come to the help of one another's land, if an enemy do invade either.

3. That by way of tribute the King of the Moon do pay the King of the Sun yearly ten thousand measures of dew, and, moreover, that the people of the

Moon do give ten thousand of themselves as hostages.

4. That they do make the proposed colony to Lucifer open to all, with intent that any one of the other peoples may take part therein.

5. That they do inscribe the treaty on a slab of amber, and set it up in mid-air on the borders of the two kingdoms.

There witnessed this oath on behalf of the people of the Sun—

FIRESON.

SUMMERHEAT.

BLAZES.

And on behalf of the people of the Moon—

NIGHTLEIGH.

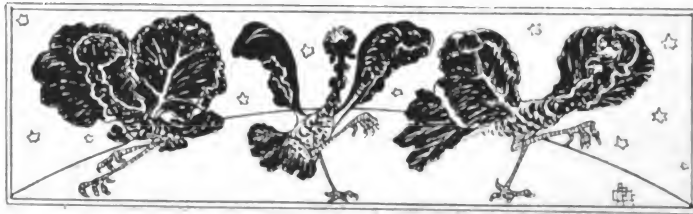
MOONEY.

FULLBRIGHT,

Such was the peace that was made.

The work of demolishing the wall began forthwith, and we prisoners were restored.

On our arrival in the Moon our friends, amongst whom was Endymion himself, met us and welcomed us with tears. The King invited us to remain at his Court and take part in the foundation of the colony, promising to give me the hand of his daughter in marriage. But I was proof against persuasion, and begged to be sent down again to the sea. When he saw the impossibility of altering our determination, after a week of royal entertainment he sent us away.



## CHAPTER III.

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS IN THE MOON—ROAST FROGS—LIQUID  
AIR—BALDNESS A BEAUTY—A MARVELLOUS EMUNCTION—  
INTERNAL ORGANISM—ROBES OF GLASS—REMOVABLE EYES  
—EARS—A MAGIC MIRROR—WE QUIT THE MOON.



OW I wish to describe the new and strange things that I noticed during my sojourn in the moon.

All live on the same form of food. They light a fire and roast frogs, of which they have large numbers flying about in the air, on the cinders. Whilst the process of roasting is going on,

they take seats as if round a table and snuff up the savoury steam that rises, and thus enjoy a sumptuous repast. Such is their food.

Their drink is air pressed into a cup, from which a dewlike moisture is distilled.

Any one who is bald and hairless is reckoned handsome among them. Long-haired people are an abomination to them. On the contrary, on long-haired stars or comets, long hair is considered a beauty. This fact I can vouch for, because there were some visitants from comets in the Moon at the time, from whom I received this information. I should add that they grow beards down to a little above the knee.

The Moon-men have no nails on their feet, but they are all solid-footed without toes.



**A MEAL IN THE MOON (ROASTED FROGS).**





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During work or exercise they exude milk at every pore, whereof, with the admixture of a few drops of their honey, they make excellent cheeses.

They manufacture oil from onions, as clear and sweet-smelling as myrrh. Moreover, they have vines in great abundance that produce water. The berries of the grape are like hail, and it seems to me that whenever a wind shakes these vines the bunches break, and the result is a hailstorm on earth.

They make use of the stomach, which they can open or shut at will, as a wallet or pouch, placing therein all their necessities. Seemingly there are no bowels or liver within the stomach : all that one can see is a hairy and shaggy interior, where their young can find a warm retreat from the cold.

The dress of the rich is of soft glass ; that

of the poor, of woven bronze—for the country is richly productive of this metal, which they work by sprinkling it with water as though it were wool.

As to the nature of their eyes. I shrink from saying anything, lest you, my reader, should think me to be lying, on account of the incredibility of my story. Nevertheless in spite of my apprehension I will proceed to a description of this marvel also. A man can at will remove his eyes and keep them until he have occasion to use them. Then he can reinsert them and regain his sight. Many, who have lost their own, borrow from others. Some—that is to say, the rich—have a stock of eyes stored away.

Their ears are leaves of plane-trees, though some have them of wood.

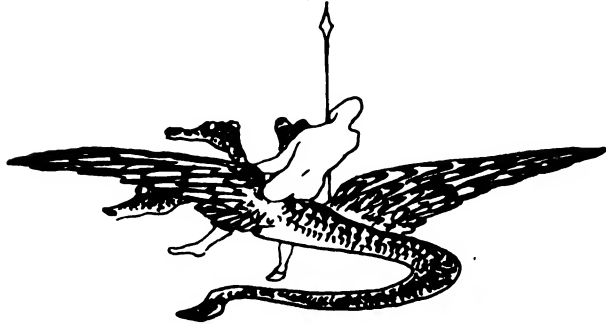
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When a man grows old, he does not die, but dissolves into air like smoke.

Moreover, I beheld another wonderful sight in the Palace. A vast mirror lies over a somewhat shallow well. Any one who descends into the well, hears all that is said amongst us mortals on earth ; and any one who gazes into the mirror, beholds all the cities and nations as plainly as if he were present on the spot. On looking, I saw my friends and all my own country, but whether or not they saw me I cannot say for certain. The incredulous person who refuses to credit my statement will learn the truth of it if he will only some day visit the place himself.

Bidding farewell to the King and his courtiers, we embarked and set sail. Endymion presented me with two of the glass

tunics and five of the bronze, and also a complete suit of peas-pod armour, all of which I subsequently left behind in the whale. He also gave us an escort of a thousand Horse-Griffins for sixty miles.



## CHAPTER IV.

A VISIT TO LAMPOPOLIS—THE STRANGE NATURE OF THE TOWN  
—A FLEETING VIEW OF CLOUD-CUCKOO-TOWN—DESCENT  
TO EARTH.



Our voyage we passed by many lands without visiting them, but put in to Lucifer at the very time that the colony was being settled there, and disembarking we took in water. Once more on board, we entered the Zodiac and passed the Sun on our left, sailing so close to land as almost to touch it. We did not disembark, in spite of the eager-

ness of my companions to do so, as the wind did not allow of it. However, we went close enough to observe that the country was fertile, rich, well-watered, and full of many good things.

When the Cloud-Centaurs, who were serving as mercenaries with Phaethon, spied us, they flew in haste towards the ship, but hearing that we were in treaty with their leader, departed.

Here the Horse-Griffins turned back. After sailing on the whole of the next day and night on a downward course, about evening we arrived at the city called Lampopolis. This city lies between the Pleiads and the airy realm of the Hyads, but it is on a lower level than the Zodiac.

On disembarking we found no human being, but many Lamps running to and fro and oc-

cupping themselves in the market and harbour. Some were small and, as one might say, poor, but a few belonging to the great and wealthy class were very bright and luminous.

They each had a separate dwelling and Lamp-room, and also individual names, like men, and we heard them talking together. They did us no harm, but greeted us on friendly terms. Yet we were afraid, and none of us dared either to eat or sleep.

They have a Town-hall built in the midst of the city, where the chief magistrates sit all through the night, summoning each citizen individually by name. Any one who does not answer to his name is condemned to death, on the charge of deserting his post. Death takes the form of being snuffed out.

We stood by and watched all that was passing, and heard the Lamps pleading their

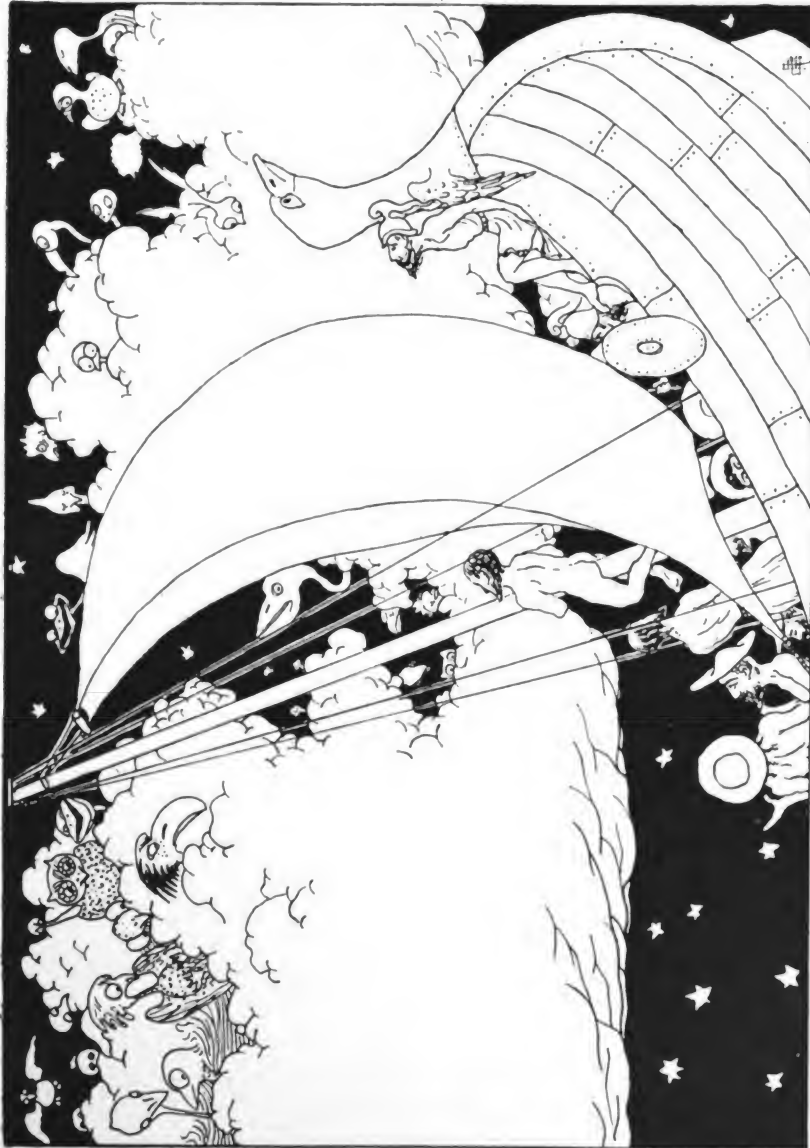


defence and relating the causes of their dilatoriness. Amongst them I recognised my own Lamp, and inquired of him the condition of affairs at home, and he told me all.

On the following day we weighed anchor and sailed away near the clouds. There we saw Cloud-Cuckoo-Town, which filled us with amazement; but we did not disembark, as the wind did not permit of it. However, we heard that Chough, the son of Blackbird, was king, and I called to mind Aristophanes, a clever and truthful poet, whose words are absurdly discredited.

On the third day from this we could clearly see the ocean, but not a sign of land save in the sky. There the worlds shone exceedingly bright like fire.

About noon on the fourth day the wind sank and we dropped down to the sea. It



**CLOUD-CUCKOO-LAND.**

**D**



is impossible to describe the sense of overwhelming joy on feeling ourselves once more on the water. We gave the whole crew a feast such as our provisions could afford, and afterwards took advantage of the calmness of the sea to jump into the water and swim about.



## CHAPTER V.

A FEARSOME MONSTER—A MIGHTY GULP—THE STRANGE INTERIOR  
—OTHER INHABITANTS OF THE BELLY—THE OLD MAN'S MARVELLOUS STORY.



OW often does a change in fortune for the better appear to be the precursor of still greater calamity!

We had been sailing only two days, and the third was just dawning, when towards sunrise we suddenly saw a crowd of monsters and whales, and amongst them one of especially prodigious proportions. It was as much as three hundred thousand yards long.

On it came with its jaws wide open, churning up the sea far ahead of it. All the water round it was a mass of foam, and its teeth gleamed, as sharp as stakes and as white as ivory.

As for us, we waited the while, saying farewell and embracing one another.

And now the monster was close upon us, and with a great gulp swallowed us up, ship and all. However, it had not time to crunch us with its teeth, as the ship tumbled through the gaps in them into the interior.

Inside at first all was dark, and we could discern nothing; but soon, when the whale opened its mouth, we saw a vast cavern, exceeding broad and high, and of sufficient capacity for a city of ten thousand inhabitants. In the middle lay little fish and many other animals crunched to pieces, together

with ships' sails and anchors, human bones, and cargoes. Down the centre stretched land and ridges, the sediment, I presume, of the slime that the monster drank. At all events, there was a wood, and trees of all kinds growing there, and vegetables sprouting, and on all sides evident signs of cultivation. The circumference of the land was forty-eight thousand yards. One could see sea-birds, gulls, and halcyons, making their nests in the trees.

For a long time we remained weeping, till at length I roused my companions and we proceeded to underprop the vessel. Having obtained a fire by the friction of fire-sticks, we made the best supper that our plight permitted. There was an unstinted supply of fish and flesh, and we still had the water that we brought with us from Lucifer.



**THE SHIP SWALLOWED BY THE WHALE.**





On awaking next day, whenever the whale opened its jaws, we would see at one time land and mountains, and at another only sky, and often islands also. It was clear that the monster was scouring every part of the sea.

As soon as we were beginning to be accustomed to this mode of life, I took seven of my companions and entered the wood with the purpose of making a complete survey of our surroundings.

I had not gone a full thousand yards when I discovered a shrine of Poseidon, as the inscription showed it to be, and not far off several graves and tombstones, and hard by a fountain of clear water. Also to our amazement we heard the barking of a dog; and seeing smoke arising at some distance off, we were forced to conjecture that there was

some habitation there. Walking swiftly on, we came upon an old man and a boy diligently cultivating some kind of leek and conveying water to the plants from the spring by means of conduits. Delighted and at the same time frightened, we stood still. At length the old man said, "Who may ye be, strangers? Are ye some of the sea-gods, or are ye men in the same plight as ourselves? For we too are men and were reared on land, but have now become men of the sea, and are carried about wherever this monster that encloses us may take us, with no knowledge of our fate. For whilst we infer that we are dead, we have a belief that we are alive."

To this I replied, "We, you must know, are new-comers, father, lately swallowed up by the whale, vessel and all. We have penetrated thus far to discover what the interior

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of the wood is like ; for it seemed to us as though it were a large and overgrown forest. Some Providence must have guided us hither to discover you, and to find that we are not the only men imprisoned in the monster. But tell us all your own history,—who you are, and how you came hither.”

But the old man refused to tell us anything, or to listen to anything from us, until he had made us partake of such hospitality as he could provide. He took us and led us to the house (which he had rendered sufficient for all his needs by beds of leaves and the construction of other furniture), and placed before us vegetables, fruit, and fish, and poured out wine, and when we were fully fed asked us of our adventures. I narrated every incident in order—the storm, our doings on the island, our aerial voyage, the war in the

Moon, and so forth, in full detail, up to the time that we were swallowed down by the whale.

The old man was filled with wonder, and in his turn related his own experiences as follows :—

“By birth I am a Cyprian. Once I started on a trading voyage with my son, whom ye see here, and many slaves besides, and set sail for Italy, carrying with me a mixed cargo in a large vessel, spars of which ye may have seen at the mouth of the whale.

“As far as Sicily we had a fair voyage, but there we were overtaken by a terrible hurricane, and for three days were tossed about and driven into the ocean, where, meeting with this monster, we were swallowed up, ship, sailors, and all. All perished save us two, who were saved.

“We buried our companions and built a shrine to Poseidon, and now we live the life ye behold, cultivating vegetables and living on fruit and fish. The wood is, as ye see, extensive, and contains many vines, from which we make excellent wine. There is also a fountain, which perhaps ye observed, of pure cold water.

“We make our beds of leaves, and have an unstinted supply of firewood. We hunt the birds on the wing, and catch fish alive by going to the gills of the whale, where we also bathe when we have a mind. Moreover, there is not far off a salt-water lake four thousand yards in circumference, containing fish of all kinds. Herein we fish and sail in a small boat that I have built. We have by now spent seven-and-twenty years in the whale's belly.

“Our lot is endurable except in one respect.

Our neighbours are exceedingly hostile and troublesome, being wild and unsociable."

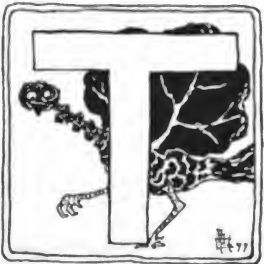
"What!" said I, "are there other people also living in the whale?"

"Ay, many," said he — "inhospitable folk with strange forms."



## CHAPTER VI.

THE OLD MAN'S STORY CONTINUED—STRANGE RACES.

“ HE western side and hinder parts of the whale are inhabited by the Pickled-fish - Men, an eel - faced, beetle - browed race that is brave, warlike, and lives on raw flesh.

“On the other side along the right-hand wall live Mermen-Stoats, in their upper parts resembling men and in their lower weasels. These, however, were less aggressive than the rest.



“The left side was inhabited by the Crab-claw-Fists and Tunny-Heads, who had formed an alliance and friendship together. The central portion is held by the Lobster-Tails and Flounder-Foots, a very swift and warlike race. A large part of the eastern side at the mouth itself is waste land, washed by the sea. However, I occupied this, paying each year a tribute to the Flounder-Foots of five hundred oyster-shells.

“Such is the character of the country. Your duty now is, to consider the method of making war on so many nations, and how we may obtain sustenance.”

“How many,” I asked, “are there in all?”

“More than a thousand,” he replied.

“What arms have they?”

“None except fish-bones.”

“Then it would be best to risk a battle with them, seeing that we are armed and they are unarmed ; for if we conquer them, we shall secure a peaceful existence in the future.”

So we determined on this course, and, returning to the ship, proceeded to make ready for battle.

It was settled that the cause of the war should be a refusal to pay the tribute, the appointed day of payment being near at hand.

Accordingly when the Flounder-Foots sent demanding payment, the old man returned the messengers a haughty answer and drove them away. In great anger the Flounder-Foots and Lobster-Tails were the first to attack Scintharus (for that was the old man's name), and to make an onset with great uproar.

We, in expectation of their approach, armed ourselves and waited, after laying an ambush of five-and-twenty men, who had orders to lie in concealment, and, as soon as the enemy had marched past, to spring up. This stratagem they duly executed. They rose and attacked the enemy in the rear, and cut them to pieces, whilst we ourselves, in force five-and-twenty (Scintharus and his boy having joined our ranks), met them, and, reckless of our lives, engaged them hand to hand with the utmost courage and prowess. At length we routed the foe and pursued them to their dens. There fell of the enemy one hundred and seventy, whilst our loss amounted only to one—the pilot, who was pierced through the breast with the rib of a mullet.

All that day and night we encamped on the

field of battle and set up a trophy, fixing on the top the dry spine of a dolphin.

On the following day the other inhabitants, who had heard of the engagement, took the field against us.

The right wing was held by the Pickled-fish-Men, under the leadership of Tunnyman; the left by the Tunny-Heads, and the centre by the Crabclaw-Fists. The Mermen-Stoats remained neutral, preferring to ally themselves with neither side.

We advanced to meet them at the shrine of Poseidon, and fell upon them with a loud shout that made the whale echo like a cavern. Lightly armed as they were, we easily routed and pursued them to the wood, and took possession of their territory. Before long the enemy sent envoys asking leave to take up

their dead, and proposing terms of friendship and amity. We refused all overtures for peace, and on the following day marched against them, and utterly exterminated all except the Mermen-Stoats, who, on seeing what was happening, hastily threw themselves from the gills into the sea. Having explored the country, for the rest of our stay we occupied the land, now well rid of our enemies, in perfect security. We often indulged in sports and hunting expeditions; we cultivated vines, and gathered in the fruit from the trees. In short, we were like men shut up in a huge prison without chance of escape, but withal living a free and comfortable life. Such was our mode of existence for a year and eight months.

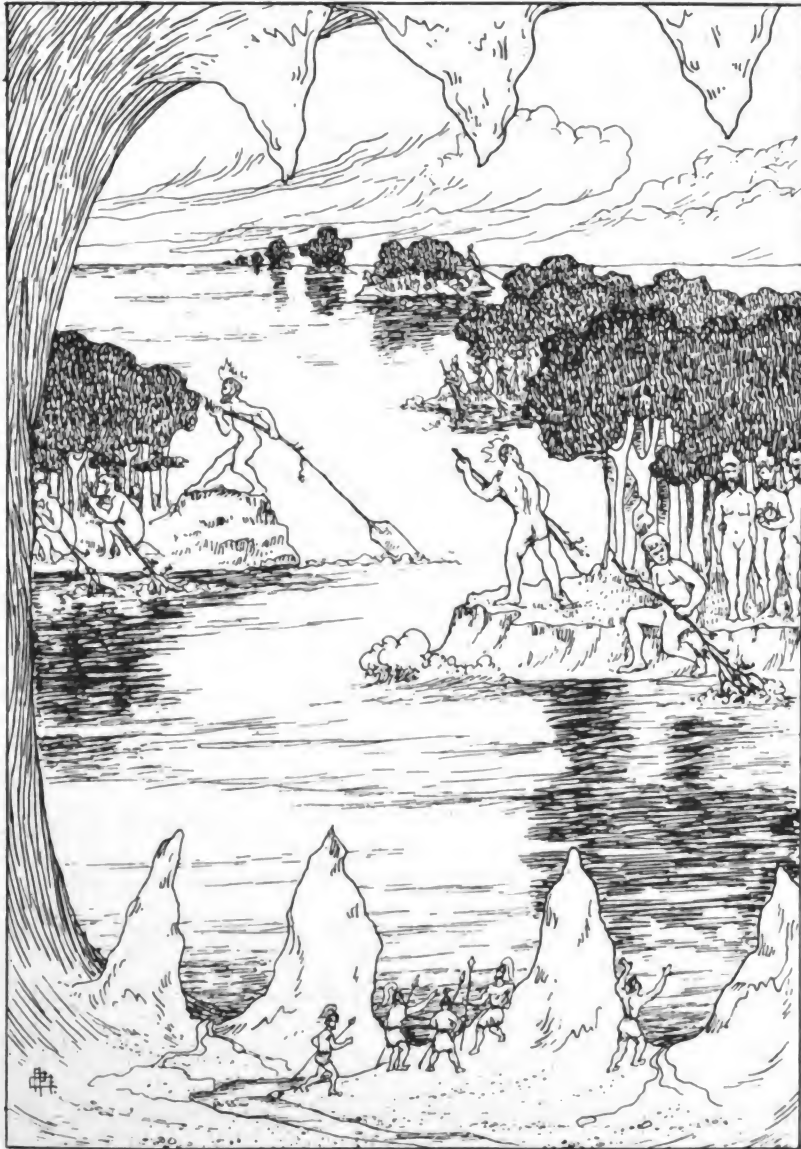
On the fifth day of the ninth month, about the time of the second opening of the whale's

mouth (for this the monster used to do once every hour, so that we could reckon the time thereby), suddenly a great shouting and commotion was heard. It sounded like the splashing of oars and the call of boatswains to rowers. In alarm we crept to the very mouth of the monster, and, standing between the teeth, beheld the very strangest sight that ever I saw—great giants, as much as three hundred feet high, sailing islands, as if they were ships. Full well I know that what I am about to relate will appear incredible to you, my reader, but I will hazard it.

The islands were long, but not very steep, each being about twelve or thirteen miles in circumference. On them were some hundred and twenty of these gigantic figures. Some of them were sitting along each side of an island, rowing in regular order, and using as

oars great cypress-trees with all their boughs and leaves on. Behind in the stern there stood on an eminence a pilot, holding a brazen tiller about six hundred feet long. On the prow there stood about forty of them fighting in full armour, resembling men in all respects except their hair, which was a mass of blazing fire, so that they had no need of helmets. They had no sails, but the wind beat on the woods that abounded in each island, and filling them like a sail, drove the strange vessel in the direction that the helmsman desired. Over the rowers stood a boatswain, and they pulled hard at their oars as if they were ship's sweeps.

At first we saw only two or three islands, but afterwards as many as six hundred came into sight, which, forming into two lines, immediately began a furious engagement. Many



**THE MEN ON SAILING ISLANDS.**





crashed into one another prow to prow, many were rammed and sank, whilst those that became locked together fought stubbornly and were with difficulty parted. Those who were posted on the prow displayed the greatest keenness, boarding each other's vessels and making great slaughter. No quarter was given.

Instead of iron grapnels they hurled on board great octopuses bound together, which, becoming entangled in the woods, held the island fast. Their missiles were oyster-shells, each of which was a waggon-load, and sponges a quarter of an acre in size. By what we could gather from their shouts the leader of one side was Sea-Drinker, and of the other Speedy-Centaur. The cause of the battle, as far as I could tell, was a dispute about plunder ; for Sea-Drinker was said to have driven off

many herds of dolphins that were the rightful property of Speedy-Centaur. At last the followers of Speedy-Centaur were victorious. One hundred and fifty of the enemy's islands were sunk, and three others captured with their crew. The rest backed water and fled.

Their conquerors pursued them some distance, but when evening drew on, turned to the wrecked vessels, took most of them as prizes, and recovered their own,—for they had lost as many as eighty in the battle.

As a trophy to commemorate the island-fight, one of the enemy's islands was nailed to the head of the whale.

All that night they lay near the monster, having fastened their hawsers to it and cast

anchor. The anchors they used were prodigiously large, and made of glass.

Next day, after offering sacrifices on the whale and burying their dead, they sailed away singing songs of great jubilation. Such is the story of the great island-battle





## BOOK II



## CHAPTER I.

THE ESCAPE—FURTHER ADVENTURES—THE FROZEN SEA—  
THE ISLE OF CHEESE—THE CORK-FOOTED FOLK.



It was not long before I found our life in the whale intolerable, and, wearied by the tedium of our existence, set about seeking some means of escape.

At first we determined to effect this by digging through the right-hand wall. We began the operation, but after penetrating a thousand yards without success, abandoned the scheme and resolved to set fire to the



wood, which, we thought, would cause the death of the monster, and thereby secure us an easy escape. We began the conflagration in the tail-regions.

For seven days and nights the whale was insensible to the heat; but on the eighth and ninth we perceived signs of illness. It gaped more languidly, and on each occasion closed its mouth again quickly. On the tenth and eleventh days the monster began utterly to mortify and stink.

On the twelfth day it at length occurred to us that unless, when it gaped, we propped open its molars, so as to render closing impossible, we should run the risk of being imprisoned in the carcass and perishing therein. Accordingly, having firmly fixed the jaws apart with huge beams, we set to work to make the vessel seaworthy, and stowed away on board

as large a stock of water and of other provisions as was possible.

Scintharus we elected to be our helmsman.

On the following day the whale died. Immediately we dragged up our vessel through the interstices of the teeth, and attaching it by ropes to them, gently let it down into the sea. Then we ascended the whale's back and offered a sacrifice to Poseidon hard by the trophy which the victors in the island-battle had erected.

Here we remained three days becalmed, but on the fourth sailed away.

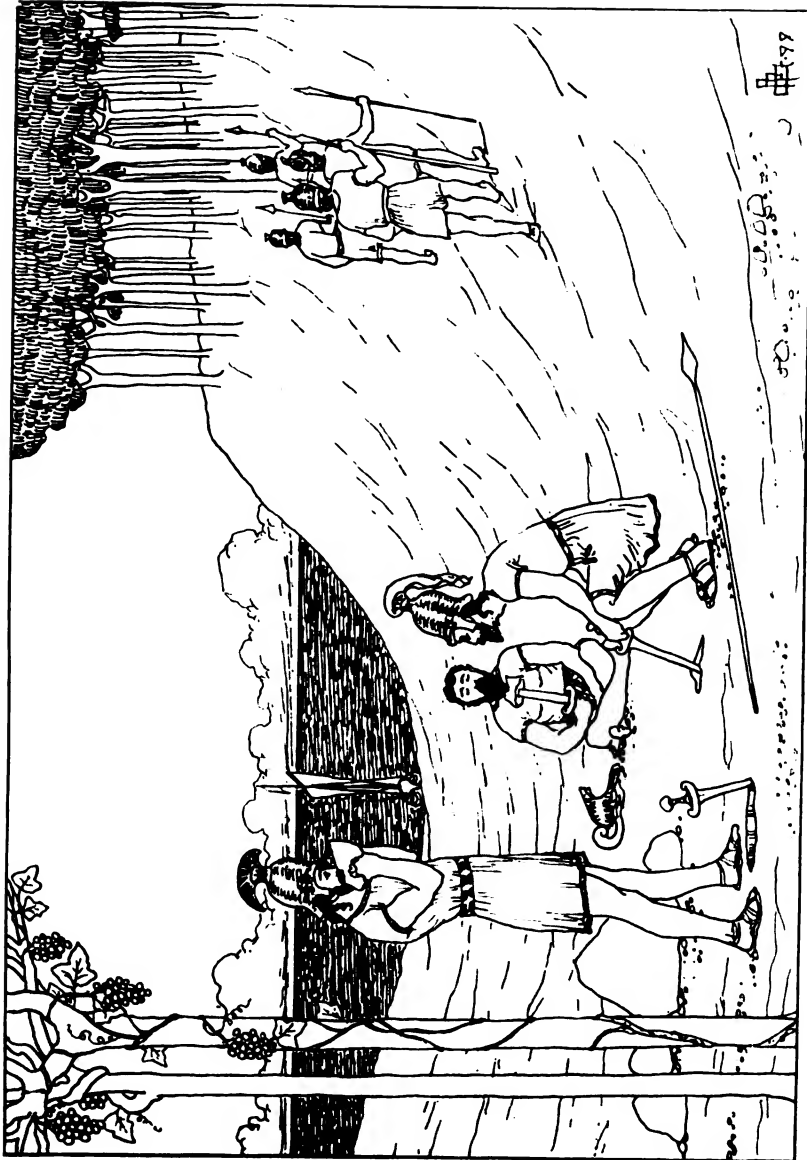
On our course we struck upon many corpses of the giants who had been killed in the sea-fight. On measuring their bodies, we were filled with amazement at their vast bulk.

For some days we sailed with a moderate breeze, but soon a strong wind began to blow

and the cold became intense. The whole sea was frozen, not on the surface merely, but to a depth of four hundred fathoms, so that we left the ship and ran about over the ice. The wind not abating, we were unable to endure the cold longer, and devised the following scheme, of which Scintharus was the author.

We dug a large cave in the ice and remained within it thirty days, burning fires and subsisting on fish, which we discovered embedded in the ice. But at the end of a month our supplies ran short, and we hauled up the ship, which was firmly stuck in the ice, and spreading our sails, were swept along smoothly and easily, skidding over the ice as if we were sailing on water.

On the fifth day the weather grew warmer, and the ice melted, and the sea was liquefied



THE ISLAND OF CHEESE.



again. After a voyage of about thirty-five miles we put in at a small desert island, where we obtained water, our supplies of which had run out, and after shooting two wild bulls sailed away. These animals had not horns on their foreheads but under their eyes, in accordance with the demands of Momus' criticism.

Shortly after this, we entered upon a sea not of water, but of milk. In it we perceived an island white in colour, and full of vines. The whole island was, as we afterwards discovered by eating of it, a vast, well-set cheese, three miles in circumference. The vines produce grapes, which when pressed yield not wine but milk. In the centre of the island a shrine had been built to Galatea, the nymph, as the inscription showed.

During our stay on the island the soil itself

formed our relish and staple food, whilst our drink was the milk from the grapes. The queen of the land, we were told, was Tyro, daughter of Salmoneus, who had received the sovereignty from Poseidon, after her departure from her own land of Thessaly.

We remained five days on the island, and on the sixth set sail with a gentle breeze and a rippling sea.

On the eighth day of our voyage, which was now being made no longer through milk but in blue salt water, we sighted crowds of men scouring the sea, resembling us in form, size, and all points, with the exception of the feet. These were of cork. For which reason, I suppose, they are called Phellopodes or Cork-Foots. We were amazed when we saw them not sinking, but buoyed up on the waves and walking about fearlessly.



**THE CORK-FOOTED MEN.**



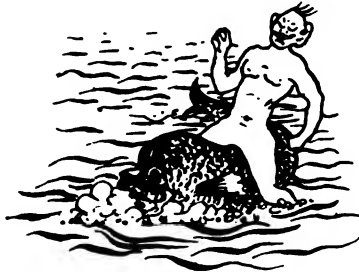


Approaching us, they welcomed us in the Greek tongue, and informed us that they were on their way to their native city of Cork. For some distance they accompanied us, running alongside the ship, till their way led in another direction, and they turned off, with good wishes for a safe voyage.

After a short time a large number of islands came into view. Close by on our left was Cork, whither our friends were hastening, a town built on a prodigious round bung. At a little distance away to the right we saw some very large and steep islands, with a large fire burning on them. On our bows was another, broad and low, not less than sixty miles distant. We were drawing quite close to it when a wonderful breeze wafted over us a sweetness and a fragrance such as the historian Herodotus tells us scents Arabia

the Blest. The odour was like the mingled perfume of roses, narcissi, hyacinths, lilies, and violets, with an admixture of the scent of myrtle, laurel, and young vines. Entranced with these delightful odours, and in expectation of a happy rest from our sufferings, we gradually approached the island. Therein we saw many spacious harbours protected on all sides from the waves, and clear rivers peacefully gliding to the sea. Moreover, there were meadows and woods, and singing-birds warbling on banks or boughs. The air that enveloped the land was light and soft. Across it blew sweet breezes gently fanning the trees, and from the swaying branches came ceaselessly the low music of sweet rustling sounds, like the melody of flutes in lonely glens. Mingled therewith we heard a confused hum of voices, subdued and like that of a banquet-hall, where some are playing the

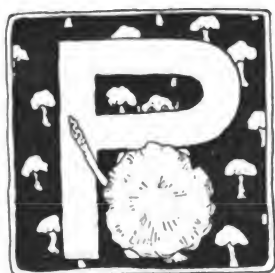
flute, and some applauding, and some beating time to the music. Enchanted by these sounds, we put in to shore, and having anchored, disembarked, leaving on board Scintharus and two of our companions.



a dolphin pirate

## CHAPTER II.

THE ISLAND OF THE BLEST—ITS WONDERFUL JOYS—HEROES  
AND FAMOUS MEN—THE THIRD ABDUCTION OF HELEN.



PROCEEDING on our way through a fair flowering meadow, we fell in with the guardians of the place, who bound us with garlands of roses, their strongest form of bonds, and led us to the King.

As we went, we learned that the island was called the Island of the Blest, and that it was under the sovereignty of Rhadamanthus the Cretan.

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We were brought before him, and our case came fourth in order of those for trial that day.

The first was concerning the right of Ajax, son of Telamon, to join the number of the Heroes.

The accusation preferred against him was that he was a madman and a suicide. At length, after prolonged pleading, Rhadamanthus gave sentence that for the present he should be intrusted to the care of Hippocrates, the physician of Cos, to undergo a course of hellebore; but that afterwards, when he had regained his reason, he should be admitted to partake of the banquet of the Heroes.

The second was a love affair, a quarrel between Theseus and Menelaus concerning Helen, with which of the two she ought to live. Rhadamanthus' decision was that she should live with Menelaus, seeing that he had

endured so many hardships and dangers by reason of his marriage. Moreover, Theseus himself had other wives—Antiope the Amazon, and Ariadne the daughter of Minos.

The third trial concerned a question of precedence between Alexander the Great and Hannibal the Carthaginian. This was decided in favour of Alexander, and a throne was assigned to him next to Cyrus the elder, King of Persia.

Our case came fourth on the list. Rhadamanthus inquired of us how we dared to invade the holy spot whilst still living, and we related to him all our adventures. Thereupon he had us removed, and deliberated at length on the case with his numerous assessors, amongst whom was Aristides the Just, of Athens. The decision at which they arrived was that after death we should render an

account for our bold curiosity in sailing thither, but that for the present we should remain a fixed time of not more than seven months on the island, and associate with the Heroes, and at the expiration of this period we should depart. Thereupon our flowery bonds fell off of their own accord, and we were conducted to the banquet of the Blest.

The city is all of gold, and the wall surrounding it is of emerald. There are seven gates, each of a single trunk of cinnamon. The pavement and streets of the city are of ivory. The temples of the gods are of beryl, and contain great altars of solid blocks of amethyst, whereon they sacrifice hecatombs. Round the city flows a river of purest oil, in breadth a hundred royal cubits, and of such depth that a man can easily swim therein. For bathing-places they have large chambers



of glass heated with logs of cinnamon. The baths are filled with hot dew instead of water.

By way of clothing, the inhabitants use fine purple spider-webs.

They have no bodies, but are fleshless and impalpable, displaying merely form and shape without substance. Yet, bodiless as they are, they can stand, move, and speak, and possess all the senses. In short, their soul seems to be going about naked, wrapped in the semblance of a body. At any rate, except by touch one would never discover that what one saw was not a body. They are, in fact, upright shadows, only not black.

No one grows old, but remains at whatever age he may have reached at the time of his death.

They have no night there, nor bright day,

but the country lies in the grey twilight of dawn.

They know but one season in the year, perpetual spring, and no wind but the gentle zephyr.

The region abounds in all kinds of garden flowers and shady shrubs. The vines bear twelve times in the year, yielding fruit every month, whilst the mulberry, the apple, and all other trees were said to bear thirteen times—twice in the month of Minos.

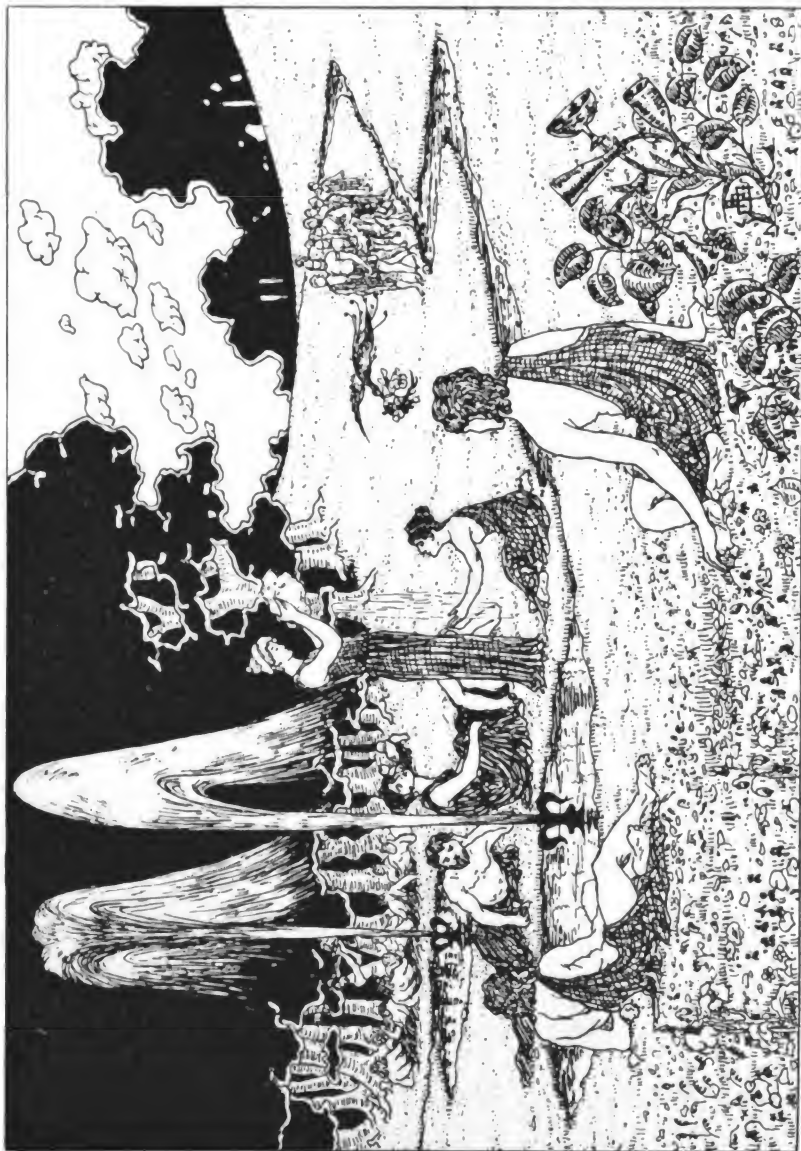
Instead of grain the crops produce in the ear loaves ready for eating, like mushrooms.

Round the city flow three hundred and sixty-five streams of water and a like number of honey, and five hundred, somewhat smaller, of sweet oil. There are seven rivers of milk and eight of wine.

The banquet is spread outside the city in the spot called the Elysian Plain, a meadow very fair, and surrounded by thick woods containing trees of all kinds, that afforded shade to the feasters beneath. Couches are strewn with flowers.

At each table the winds act as attendants and distribute the food, but do not serve the wine; for of this service there is no necessity, inasmuch as encircling the festal board grow large trees of clearest crystal, whereof the fruit is cups of every shape and size. Every guest that comes to the banquet plucks one or more of these vessels and places them by his side, and immediately they become full of wine. Such is their manner of drinking.

In place of garlands, the nightingales and other melodious birds gather flowers in their



*THE ELYSIAN FIELDS.*



bills from the neighbouring meadows and shower them down upon the banqueters, flying overhead and singing as they fly.

Their method of perfuming themselves is as follows : thick clouds draw up sweet oil from the springs and rivers and float over the feast ; under the gentle breath of the wind they drop a fine dewy rain.

At the meal they are beguiled with music and songs, especially the poems of Homer, who himself is present and feasts in their company, reclining on the breast of Ulysses. Boys and maidens form the choir. The leaders are Eunomus of Locri, Arion of Lesbos, Anacreon, and also Stesichorus : the last mentioned I saw amongst them, having been by this time reconciled with Helen. When their songs cease, a second choir of swans, swallows, and nightingales comes forward, and as soon

as these grow silent, the woods join the concert to the music of the winds.

The chief aid they have to their enjoyment is the two fountains hard by the banquet, the one of Laughter, the other of Pleasure. From each of these all drink a draught at the beginning of the feast, and afterwards all is laughter and delight.

Now I wish to say something also of the illustrious men whom I saw amongst them. All the Heroes and warriors who fought against Troy were there, save Ajax of Locri. He alone of all, I heard, was suffering torment in the Place of the Damned.

Of the barbarians I beheld the two Cyruses, the Scythian Anacharsis, the Thracian Zamolxis, the Roman Numa, the Spartan Lycurgus, Phocion and Tellus the Athenians, and the Seven Wise Men, except Periander. I saw

also Socrates idly chatting with Nestor and Palamedes. Gathered round him were Hyacinthus the Spartan, Hylas, Narcissus, and many other beautiful youths. Hyacinthus seemed his favourite—at anyrate he conversed chiefly with him. We were told that Rhadamanthus was angry with him, and had threatened to expel him from the island if he refused to abandon his ironical humour at the banquet.

Plato alone was not present: he was said to be in the Eutopia that his fancy had created, enjoying the constitution and laws which he himself had framed.

The philosophers held in greatest esteem were Aristippus, Epicurus, and their followers, on account of their cheerful affability and right good fellowship.

Æsop of Phrygia also was there, whom



they employ as their jester. Diogenes, strange to relate, had so changed his character as to marry Lais, and often rise and dance in his cups and play many drunken tricks.

Not one Stoic did I see. They were said to be still climbing the "steep ascent of virtue." As to Chrysippus, we heard that he was not allowed to land on the island till he had dosed himself four times with hellebore.

The philosophers of the New Academy were reported as desirous of coming, but as occupied in "suspension of judgment" and "philosophic doubting." They had not, I presume, as yet so much as "apprehended" the actual existence of such an island. They must especially have dreaded the "trial" at Rhadamanthus' judgment-seat, as they them-

selves had destroyed belief in all standards of judgment. Many, we were informed, had set out in company with those who were journeying to the island, but owing to laziness had abandoned their enterprise, conscious of their inability for "arriving at a safe conclusion," and turned back half-way.

These that I have mentioned were the most noticeable of the company assembled. They pay most honour to Achilles, and, after him, to Theseus.

A day or two after my arrival I approached the poet Homer, as we were both at leisure, and amongst other inquiries questioned him as to his birthplace, informing him that it is still a question for discussion amongst us. He answered that he himself was aware that men variously assign Chios, Smyrna, and

Colophon to him as his birthplace. As a matter of fact, however, he was a Babylonian, and, moreover, amongst the inhabitants of that city he was called not Homer but Tigranes, but having gone to Greece as a *homeros*, or hostage, he had changed his name. I also questioned him about the authenticity of the lines rejected as spurious, and he asserted that they were all his own. This revealed to me the pedantry of the criticisms of the grammarians of the school of Zenodotus and Aristarchus.

Encouraged by the fulness of his answers to my questions, I inquired of him his reason for making "Wrath" the commencement of the Iliad, and he replied that it was entirely accidental. Further, I was anxious to know whether the composition of the Odyssey preceded that of the Iliad, according to a

widely held theory. This, he answered, was not the case.

There is another rumour current about him, to the effect that he was blind; but I soon discovered the falsity of this report, for his sight was so clear that there was no need for me even to put the question.

I had several other conversations with him, on any occasion that I saw him at leisure. I would approach him and put some question to him, and he would give me willing answers to every inquiry, especially after his victory in his lawsuit. An indictment had been brought against him by Thersites on account of the jests made upon him in the Iliad. Owing to the able advocacy of Ulysses, Homer won the case.

About the same time Pythagoras arrived at the island. His soul had undergone seven

transmigrations, and after inhabiting seven bodies had completed its cycle of life. All his right side was of gold. It was decided that he should dwell with the Blest, but there was some doubt as to whether he should be called Pythagoras or Euphorbus.

Moreover, Empedocles also arrived, completely cooked and roasted. However, in spite of his many entreaties, he was not admitted.

As time went on there took place the festival that is called the Thanatusia, or Feast of the Dead. The Presidents of the contests were Achilles for the fifth time and Theseus for the seventh.

It would be tedious to relate all that took place, but I will give a description of the chief events.

The wrestling-match was won by Carus, the

descendant of Hercules, who defeated Ulysses for the crown.

The boxing-match ended in a level bout between Areus the Egyptian, who is buried at Corinth, and Epeus. For the *pancratium*, or rough-and-tumble contest, there is no prize offered.

Who won the foot-race I cannot remember.

In the poetical contest Homer in reality was far the best, yet Hesiod was declared victor.

The prizes for the winners were wreaths woven of peacock's feathers.

Just at the conclusion of the festival, news arrived that those who were undergoing punishment in the Place of the Damned had burst their bonds, overpowered their guards, and were sailing against the island. Their leaders were Phalaris of Agrigentum, Busiris the Egyptian,

Diomedes the Thracian, and the followers of the robber chiefs Sciron and Sinis the Pine-bender.

On the receipt of the news Rhadamanthus marshals the Heroes on the beach, under the leadership of Theseus, Achilles, and Ajax, son of Telamon, who was now of sound mind.

The rival armies met, a battle took place, and the Heroes were victorious, Achilles displaying the greatest prowess. Socrates also, who was stationed on the right wing, showed far greater bravery than when he fought at Delium in his lifetime. For on the approach of the enemy he did not flee, but remained facing the foe. As a special reward for his bravery on this occasion, a large and beautiful park in the suburbs was apportioned to him. There he collected his companions together and

discoursed with them, calling the place The Corpse Academy.

The battle over, the Heroes collected the prisoners and sent them back in chains to undergo still greater punishments. An epic on the fight was composed by Homer, who, on my departure, gave me the books to convey to men on earth. But I subsequently lost them, together with the rest of my baggage. The opening line of the poem ran as follows :—

“Come, O Muse, and recite me the battle of Heroes in  
Hades.”

According to their custom at the conclusion of a successful war, they proceeded to cook beans and make a great bean-feast in celebration of their victory. Pythagoras alone did not partake of it, but sat apart hungry, in disgust at the orgie of beans.



After the lapse of six months, in the middle of the seventh, stranger events occurred.

Cinyras, the son of Scintharus, a fine handsome lad, had for a long time conceived a passion for Helen, who for her part was without a doubt madly in love with him. They used often to make signs to one another at the banquet, and drink each other's health, and would get up from table by themselves and wander off alone into the wood. Urged by the distraction of his desperate love, Cinyras formed the plan of seizing Helen and running off with her. Helen also approved of the plan, and proposed that they should get away to one of the neighbouring islands, either Cork or Cheese. The pair had some time previously taken into their confidence three of the boldest of my men under a solemn pledge of secrecy. Not a word of this plot did Cinyras com-

municate to his father, as he knew full well the punishment that would follow. When they had fully made up their minds, they proceeded to put their plot into execution.

At nightfall, taking advantage of my absence from the banquet, the conspirators, escaping the notice of their comrades, took off Helen and got under weigh with all possible speed.

About midnight Menelaus awoke, and when he saw that his wife was not there, raised a great shout, and, in company with his brother Agamemnon, hastened to the palace of Rhadamanthus.

At daybreak the watchmen announced that they could descry the vessel a long distance out to sea. So putting fifty of the Heroes on board a ship made of a single trunk of asphodel, Rhadamanthus bade them go in

pursuit. Rowing stoutly, the pursuers overtook the fugitives about noon, just as they were entering the Milky Ocean near the Island of Cheese—so nearly did the lovers escape. The Heroes towed the vessel behind with a hawser of rose-leaves and sailed home again.

Helen did nothing but weep and blush and hide her face. Rhadamanthus first examined Cinyras' men as to any accomplices in the plot, and when they declared that there were none, he sent them away to the Place of the Damned, having first scourged them with mallows.

In consequence of this occurrence the Heroes determined to expel us from the island before the expiry of our term of residence, and allowed us only one day's respite. Thereat I was greatly grieved and shed copious tears, since

I was about to quit so many delights and renew my wanderings. However, my friends there comforted me with the assurance that in a few years' time I should return to them, and showed me the seat and dwelling allotted to me for the future near the noblest of the Heroes.

I approached Rhadamanthus and earnestly entreated him to inform me of what lay before me and give me an outline of my voyage. He told me that I would indeed reach my own land, but only after many wanderings and dangers. He refused to add the time of my return home, but pointed out to me the neighbouring islands, of which five were visible to the eye and a sixth lay beyond, and informed me that those hard by were the Place of the Damned.

“On them,” he added, “you can see a great

fire burning. The sixth yonder is the City of Dreams. Beyond that is the island of Calypso, but you cannot see it from here.

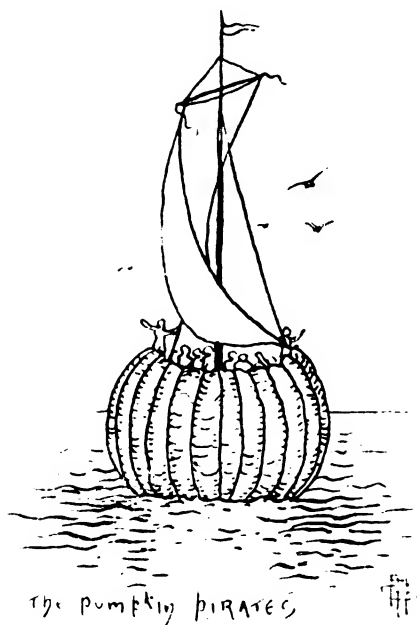
“When you have passed these, you will reach the great continent at the Antipodes. After many adventures there, and long travel through various races and sojournings among wild savage tribes, you will reach your own continent.”

Such were his words : then pulling up a root of mallow from the ground, he gave it me, bidding me in time of need call upon it. Moreover, he warned me, if ever I reached this land, never to stir the fire with a sword, or eat beans. If I bore in mind these precepts, I might have hopes of reaching the Island of the Blest after death.

I then proceeded to make all preparations necessary for the voyage, and when the time came, feasted with the Heroes. On the next

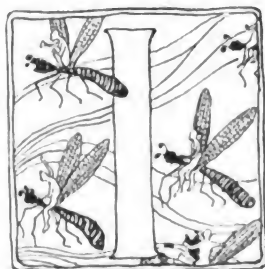
day I went to Homer and begged him to write me a couplet ; and on his composing one, I inscribed it on a slab of beryl which I set up at the harbour. It ran as follows :—

“This land did Lucian, loved of Heaven, explore ;  
Then homeward sailed towards his native shore.”



## CHAPTER III.

DEPARTURE FROM THE ISLAND OF THE BLEST—THE PLACE OF  
THE DAMNED—ITS HORRORS AND TORMENTS—THE ISLAND OF  
DREAMS - OGYGIA—ULYSSES' LETTER TO CALYPSO.



REMAINED there that day,  
and on the next put out to  
sea escorted by the Heroes.  
On the way Ulysses comes  
privily to me without the  
knowledge of Penelope and gives me a letter  
to convey to Calypso in the island of Ogygia.

Rhadamanthus sent with me Nauplius, the  
pilot, to prevent our being arrested in the  
event of our landing on any of the islands,

seeing that we were sailing to another destination.

As we proceeded on our way we passed out of the fragrant air, and were immediately assailed by a terrible stench as of bitumen, sulphur, and pitch being burnt together, and also by a vile unendurable steam which seemed to arise from roasted human bodies. The air was murky and misty, and from it fell drops of pitchy dew. Moreover, we could hear the cracking of whips and the cries of many men.

We only put into one island, of which I will give some description.

On all sides it was craggy and precipitous, covered with rocks and rugged tracts. There were no trees or water.

We managed to crawl up the rocks, and followed a path full of thorns and stakes through hideous country.



Arriving at the prison and place of torment, we were at first lost in wonder at the nature of the spot. For everywhere the ground itself bristled with swords and stakes, and round it flowed three rivers—one of mud, another of blood, and a third of fire, which was broad and impassable. The flames flowed like water and rolled like the billows of the sea. Therein were fish, some like firebrands, and others of small size like burnt cinders. The inhabitants call them *lychnisci*, or “lamp-rays.”

Through all these defences there was one narrow entrance, where Timon of Athens stood as doorkeeper. However, we were permitted to pass under the guidance of Nauplius, and beheld the sufferers in torment. Many were kings, many private persons, amongst whom we recognised some friends. Cinyras



*ENTRANCE TO THE ISLE OF TORMENT.*



we saw there smouldering in smoke. Our guides gave us details of the history of each, and of the crimes which brought upon them this punishment.

The greatest retribution came upon those who throughout life told lies and chronicled what was not the truth. Amongst them was Ctesias of Cnidos, Herodotus, and many others. When I saw these, I had good hopes of the future, for I have no guilty consciousness of having ever told an untruth.

Unable to endure the horrible sight, I quickly returned to the ship, and bidding Nauplius farewell, sailed away. In a short time the Island of Dreams appeared close by, shadowy and indistinct, and itself not unlike a dream, for as we approached it, it retreated and fled farther away. Yet we reached it, or rather overtook it, and entered the Har-

hour of Sleep near the Ivory Gates, where is the shrine of the Cock. It was late in the evening when we landed. Passing on into the city, we saw many dreams of various descriptions.

However, first of all I propose to say a few words about the city, as no one else has written on the subject. Homer, the only poet who mentions it, has not given at all an accurate description.

Round it runs a wood of which the trees are all tall poppies and deadly-nightshade, to whose branches cling a host of bats, which is the only kind of bird in the island. Near it flows a river called by the folk there *Nyctiporus*, or *Nightford*; and there are two fountains at the gates,—the name of the one is *Deepsleep*, and of the other *Nightlong*.

The walls that surround the city are lofty,



**THE ISLAND OF DREAMS.**



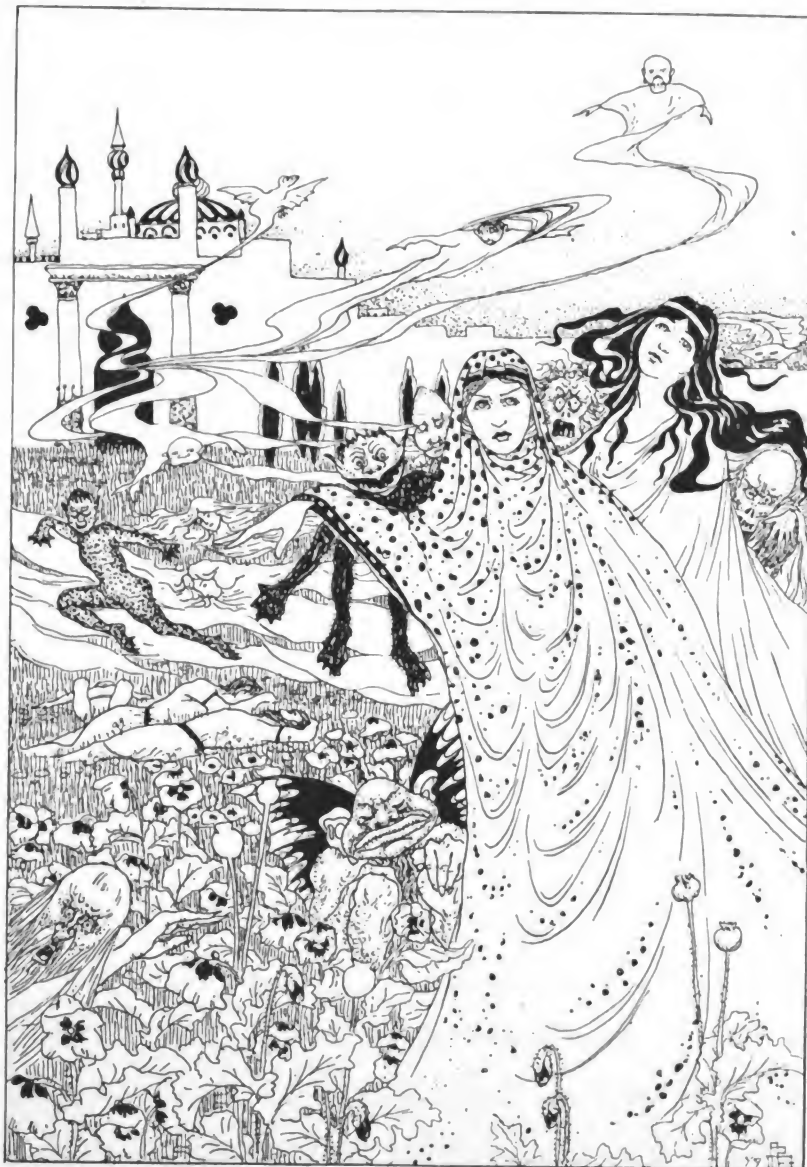
and many-hued like the rainbow. Its gates are not, as Homer says, two in number, but four. Two look towards the Plain of Idleness—one of iron and the other of brick: through these pass all the fearsome, cruel, bloody dreams. Two more face the harbour and the sea—the one of horn, the other, by which we entered, of ivory.

As you enter the city, on the right-hand side is the Temple of Night, who with the Cock is the chief object of reverence there. The temple of the latter is near the harbour. On the left is the Palace of Sleep, who rules over the country with the help of two governors or viceroys, Troublewit, son of Vainhope, and Purseproud, son of Emptyshow. In the middle of the market-place is a fountain which the people call Heavy Slumber. Hard by are the two temples of Delusion and



Reality. There, too, is the shrine and oracle at which presides Antiphon, the interpreter of dreams, who had obtained this office from King Sleep.

The Dreams themselves have not all the same nature or form, some being tall, fair, and beautiful to look upon, whilst others are hard, small, and unsightly. Some seemed golden, and others mean and shabby. Some were winged and of prodigious size, whereas others were tricked out for solemn processions, personating gods or kings and suchlike. Many of them we recognised as having appeared to us long ago, who approached us and greeted us as familiar friends. They took us, and after lulling us to sleep, treated us with hospitality that was a dream of splendour. The whole of the entertainment was magnificent, and they promised to make us



***SOME DREAMS.***

**I**



kings and governors. Some also took us away to their own country, showed us their friends, and brought us back the same day.

For thirty days and nights we remained amongst them sleeping and feasting. Then suddenly a violent thunder-storm burst upon the island, whereupon we waked from sleep, leapt up, and having taken on board provisions, put out to sea.

Three days after we put into the island of Ogygia and disembarked. Before delivering Ulysses' letter, I opened it and read the contents. It ran as follows :—

“Ulysses to Calypso sends' greeting.

“You must know that when I first sailed away from you on a raft that I had made, I suffered shipwreck and was with difficulty brought safe by Leucothea to the land of the Phæacians, who sped me on my way to

my own country, where I found many suitors of my wife luxuriously revelling in my halls. I slew all of them, but was subsequently myself killed by Telegonus, my son by Circe. Now I am in the Island of the Blest, thoroughly repentant of quitting my life with you and the immortality that you offered me. If I find an opportunity, I shall run away and fly to you."

The letter went on to introduce us in order that we might be hospitably entertained.

So proceeding a little way from the ship, I found the cave to correspond to Homer's description, and Calypso herself engaged in spinning.

On receiving the letter and perusing it, she at first shed many tears, and then invited us to a banquet and entertained us sumptuously. Many were the questions she asked



**LUCIAN GIVES CALYPSO THE LETTER FROM ULYSSES.**



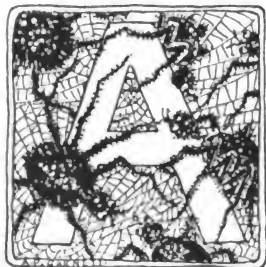
about Ulysses and Penelope — what she was like to look upon, and was she as prudent as Ulysses in the olden days used boastfully to describe her? To all these inquiries we gave her such answers as we thought would please her. Then we departed to the ship and lay down close by on the sea-shore.





## CHAPTER IV.

OTHER STRANGE MONSTERS—A WONDERFUL BIRD'S NEST—AN  
OCEAN FOREST—COMBAT WITH THE OX-HEAD ISLANDERS—  
ADVENTURES AMONG THE DONKEY-LEGGED WOMEN.



ABOUT dawn we put out to sea with the wind blowing very strongly. After being tempest-tossed for two days, on the third we encountered the Pumpkin-Pirates, wild savage men who sail out from the neighbouring islands and plunder passing ships. Their vessels are prodigious pumpkins, sixty feet in length. When the pumpkin is dried, they hollow it

out, remove the pulp, and fit up the interior with reeds for masts and the leaves of the vegetable for sailcloth. They attacked us with the crews of two vessels and wounded many of us with pumpkin-seeds, which they use in place of stones.

After fighting for some time without any considerable advantage to either side, about noon we saw the Nutshell-Mariners sailing up in the rear of the Pumpkin-Pirates. Now these two peoples were bitter enemies, as they soon made clear. For when our assailants perceived their foes approaching, they quitted us and turned to attack them. We in the meanwhile hoisted our sail and fled, leaving them to their fight. It was evident that the Nutshell-Mariners would be victorious owing to their superior numbers, for they had five fully manned ships, which were also of stouter

build than those of their opponents, being constructed of the halves of empty nutshells, each of which was ninety feet in length.

As soon as we were out of sight we looked to our wounded, and from that time we generally remained under arms in constant expectation of attacks. Nor was our precaution vain ; for the sun had not yet set when from a desert island about twenty men attacked us riding on huge dolphins. They also were pirates. When they were quite close, they stationed themselves at intervals here and there and discharged dry cuttlefish and crabs' eyes at us. However, they could not stand against the showers of arrows and javelins that we poured upon them, and the majority of them fled wounded to the island.

About midnight in a calm we ran unawares upon a vast Halcyon's nest, seven miles in



**THE HALCYON'S EGG.**



circumference. The Halcyon herself, who was sailing on it hatching her eggs, was almost of the same size. When she rose, she nearly sank the ship with the wind caused by her wings. As she flew away, she uttered a weird groaning noise. At dawn we went on shore and surveyed the nest, which resembled a great raft made of leaves. On it were five hundred eggs, each larger than a cask of Chian wine. We could see the young inside and hear them croaking. By way of hatching one of these callow fledgelings we cut open one of the eggs with our axes, and out it came, larger than twenty vultures.

We put off and had sailed about five-and-twenty miles from the raft when some marvelous portents of much significance occurred. The figurehead of the goose at the prow suddenly flapped its wings and hissed. Scin-

tharus, our pilot, though he had long been bald, found his hair grown again. But the strangest thing of all was that the mast of the ship sprouted and produced branches and bore fruit on the mast-head, consisting of figs and large unripe grapes.

At the sight of these prodigies we were, as can be imagined, dumbfounded, and prayed to the gods to avert the evil significance of the manifestation.

We had not proceeded sixty miles when we beheld a vast thick wood of pines and cypress-trees. We supposed it to be mainland, but it was in reality an unfathomable sea planted with rootless trees, which, nevertheless, stood firm and upright, and, as it were, floating. When we drew close and surveyed the whole we were at a loss what to do; for we could not sail through the wood, as it was of a thick

dense growth, nor did it seem easy to turn back. So I climbed up the tallest tree and took a survey of the lie of the country beyond, and saw that the wood extended five or six miles and that then beyond it another ocean awaited us. At length I decided to haul the ship up on to the spreading foliage, which was very thick, and thus, if possible, get it across to the farther sea. We managed to do it as follows: we hoisted the vessel up to the top of the boughs and spread the sails and went merrily along our way as if on the sea, gliding slowly with a gentle breeze behind us. Then there occurred to my mind the verse of the poet Antimachus in which he says—

“And they came sailing on their silvan voyage.”

Having thus forced our way across the forest, we reached the water, and hauling the vessel



down in a similar way, we continued our voyage through pure clear water, until we came upon a mighty chasm formed by a separation of the sea, like the clefts we see often in land caused by earthquakes. We quickly hauled down the sails, but the ship was not easily brought to a standstill, and we were within an ace of being swallowed up in the abyss. Peering over the side, we beheld a depth of six hundred thousand feet. We marvelled and shuddered ; for the water stood up like two walls, as if it had been cut in two. But looking round to the right, we espied a bridge formed of water, which, as far as we could see, joined the two masses of water, flowing across from the one to the other. We rowed quickly to it, and crossed it with all possible speed, although we never hoped to accomplish the passage in safety.

On the farther side a calm sea awaited us and a small inhabited island easy of access, peopled by ox-headed savages who recalled the representation of the Minotaur in paintings. We disembarked and went on shore to take in water and provisions if possible—for we had exhausted our store of both. Water we found close at hand on the spot, but nothing else: only we heard at no great distance a loud bellowing. Thinking that it proceeded from a herd of cattle, we advanced a little way inland and came upon the inhabitants, who, as soon as they saw us, gave chase and captured three of our crew. The rest of us fled to the shore. There we armed ourselves, resolving not to let our comrades go unavenged, and fell upon the Ox-Heads as they were in the act of dividing the flesh of the prisoners whom they had taken. With a

loud shout we set upon them, killing at least fifty and capturing two alive, with whom we returned to the ship.

As we found no food, my companions urged me to kill the prisoners; but I could not approve the plan, and kept them in chains until envoys arrived from the enemy demanding back the prisoners on ransom. We were able to understand their meaning by their signs and mournful bellowings as plainly as if they had spoken with human voice. The ransom consisted of several cheeses, dried fish, onions, and four deer, each of which had three feet, two behind and one in front. On these terms we restored the prisoners, and having waited a day, put out to sea.

And now fish were visible and birds flew past us, and other signs appeared indicating

the proximity of land. Shortly we saw men also practising a strange kind of seamanship ; for they themselves were at the same time both ship and sailor. Their method is this : they lay themselves flat on their back in the water, hoist a mast in their middle to which they attach a sail, and holding the lower part of the rope in their hands, are blown along by the wind.

Following them came others sitting on corks to which were yoked a pair of dolphins, which they drove and guided with reins. The dolphins approached us dragging the corks. These strange folk neither attacked us nor fled from us, but rode fearlessly and peaceably round, admiring the shape of our vessel and examining it on all sides. In the evening we put in to a small island, inhabited

by women, as we thought, speaking the Greek tongue. For they approached us with words of welcome on their lips, dressed in long trailing robes right down to their feet. The island was called Cabalusa and the city Hydamardia. These ladies each took one of us as her special guest and entertained him. For myself I waited a little, for I augured no good, and looking carefully round discovered the bones and skulls of men scattered about. My first impulse was to raise a shout, summon my comrades, and have recourse to arms; but on second thoughts I decided against this plan, and stretching out the mallow that Rhadamanthus had given me, I prayed earnestly for escape from our present dangers.

Soon as my hostess was ministering to my comfort I espied not the limbs of a woman



**LUCIAN AND THE DONKEY-LEGGED WOMAN.**



but the hoofs of a donkey. In an instant I drew my sword, seized her, and, having securely bound her, questioned her in detail. She informed me — reluctantly, it is true — that they were women of the sea, called Donkey-Legs, and lived on passing strangers. “When,” she added, “we have made them drunk, we attack them in their sleep.” Hearing this, I left her bound, and going up on the roof, summoned my comrades with a loud shout. When they were assembled, I revealed the whole truth to them, and pointed out the bones and led them to my prisoner, who immediately turned into water and vanished. Drawing my sword, I plunged it into the water to see what would happen, and it became blood. Thereupon we lost no time in getting on board and sailing away.



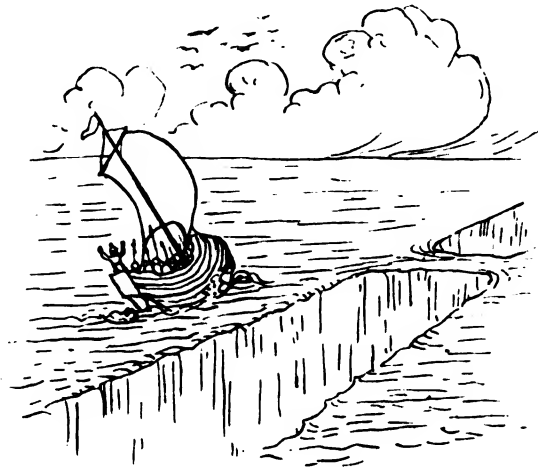
When day began to dawn we descried land, and guessed it to be none other than the continent on the other side of the world to ours.

After solemn worship and prayer we took counsel together about our future course. Some wished merely to embark and sail back again, whilst others were for leaving the ship and going inland to discover the nature of the inhabitants. In the midst of our deliberations a terrible storm burst upon us, driving the ship ashore and breaking it up. We with difficulty swam to land, each of us grasping his weapons and anything else on which he could lay hand.

Such were the adventures that we experienced up to the time we reached the Antipodes—on sea, among the islands, in the air,

in the whale's belly, with the Heroes and the Dreams, and lastly among the Ox-Heads and Donkey-Legs.

My travels on land I will describe in the succeeding volumes.





**NOTES**



# NOTES.

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## AUTHOR'S INTRODUCTION.

*P. 2, l. 19.* Photius preserves some fragments of Ctesias' 'History of India.'

*P. 3, l. 4.* Iambulus wrote a work 'De Mirificis Hominum Formis.'

*P. 3, l. 15.* Homer's 'Odyssey,' bks. ix.-xii.

## BOOK I.

### CHAPTER I.

*P. 9, l. 2.* The Straits of Gibraltar.

### CHAPTER II.

*P. 21, l. 18.* Endymion, the beautiful youth who fell into a deep and eternal sleep on Mount Latmus, and was kissed by the Moon as he lay.

*P. 30, l. 17.* Sarpedon, son of Zeus and Laodamia, King of Lycia, was slain by Patroclus in the Trojan War. See Homer's 'Iliad,' bk. xvi., l. 459.

*P. 31, l. 10.* The huge bronze statue, seventy cubits high, that is commonly said to have bestridden the harbour at Rhodes.

## BOOK II.

### CHAPTER I.

*P. 85, l. 8.* Momus was the god of mockery and censorious criticism.

*P. 85, l. 17.* Galatea and Tyro recall the Greek words for "milk" and "cheese."

*P. 86, l. 16.* Cork is given as a translation of the Greek name Phello. Cf. French *Liège*.

### CHAPTER II.

*P. 93, l. 3.* On being defeated by Ulysses in the contest for the arms of Achilles, Ajax was seized with madness and began to slaughter the sheep of the Greek army, under the impression that they were his enemies.

*P. 93, l. 10.* Hippocrates, a famous physician of old; *fl.* 430 B.C.

*P. 93, l. 12.* Hellebore was the classical remedy for madness.

*P. 93, l. 17.* In her youth Helen of Troy was carried off to Athens by Theseus and his friend Pirithous, but was rescued by her brothers Castor and Pollux, and afterwards chose Menelaus out of numerous noble suitors to be her husband. The story of her subsequent abduction from Menelaus by Paris, son of Priam, and the Trojan war, is well known.

*P. 101, l. 14.* Eunomus, an Italian harpist from Locri.

*P. 101, l. 14.* Arion, the celebrated lyric poet and harpist; *fl.* 625 B.C.

*P. 101, l. 15.* Anacreon, writer of lyric love poetry; died about 478 B.C.

*P. 101, l. 15.* Stesichorus (of Himera in Sicily), *fl.* 608 B.C., was said to have been struck blind by Helen's brothers, Castor and Pollux, for writing defamatory poetry on her. On composing a palinode or recantation he recovered his sight.

*P. 102, l. 12.* Ajax, son of Oileus (to be distinguished from the Ajax, son of Telamon), was shipwrecked on his return from Troy, but reached a rock in safety. As, however, he boasted that he would escape in defiance of the gods, Poseidon split the rock with his trident and drowned him.

*P. 102, l. 15.* Two Cyruses—*i.e.*, Cyrus the elder, founder of the Persian Empire, and Cyrus the younger, who was killed in 401 B.C. at the battle of Cunaxa, when conspiring against his brother Artaxerxes with the aid of the Greek Ten Thousand.

*P. 102, l. 16.* Anacharsis, a high-born Scythian, who travelled in search of knowledge and received instruction from Solon.

*P. 102, l. 16.* Zamolxis, a Thracian slave of Pythagoras, who taught his master's philosophy to his countrymen.



*P. 102, l. 17.* Numa, the second King of Rome, and the reputed author of much of her primitive law and religion.

*P. 102, l. 17.* Lycurgus, the founder of the Spartan constitution.

*P. 102, l. 18.* Phocion, the leader of the peace party at Athens, and the chief opponent of Demosthenes.

*P. 102, l. 18.* Tellus lived and died on behalf of his country.

*P. 102, l. 19.* The Seven Sages of Greece were Thales, Bias, Pittacus, Solon, Cleobulus, Chilon, Periander. The last named was Tyrant of Corinth, and forfeited his place in Elysium by the oppressive government of his later years.

*P. 103, l. 2.* Palamedes, one of the Greek heroes who fought against Troy, was falsely accused of treachery and stoned to death.

*P. 103, l. 2.* Hyacinthus, a beautiful youth of mythology, killed accidentally by Apollo with a quoit. From his blood sprang the flower.

*P. 103, l. 3.* Hylas, Hercules' page; drawn by nymphs into a well.

*P. 103, l. 3.* Narcissus pined away from love of his own reflection and faded into the flower.

*P. 103, l. 16.* Epicurus and Aristippus were founders of two sensual schools of philosophy, the Epicurean and the Cyrenaic.

*P. 103, l. 19.* Æsop, the writer of fables.

*P. 104, l. 1.* Diogenes, the Cynic, whose habitation on earth was a tub.

*P. 104, l. 3.* Lais, "the celebrated courtesan of Corinth, really lived with Aristippus, for whom Lucian substitutes Diogenes, the founder of the Cynic or opposite school" (Jerram).

*P. 104, l. 6.* The Stoics compared a life of virtue to the ascent of a steep hill.

*P. 104, l. 8.* Chrysippus, the greatest of the Stoics, in his 'Vitarum Auctor' asserted that no man could be a philosopher who had not drunk thrice of hellebore, the antidote of madness.

*P. 104, l. 12.* The philosophers of the New Academy disbelieved in the judgment of the senses, and so, holding that was no criterion or standard of truth, kept their judgment in suspense, and could never reach a definite conclusion.

*P. 106, l. 11.* Zenodotus and Aristarchus were Alexandrine editors of Homer, and in making recensions of the text rejected and omitted several passages as spurious.

*P. 106, l. 15.* The 'Iliad' begins with the line, "Of the wrath of Achilles, sing, O Muse!" Lucian laughs at a certain pedantic school of criticism that pretended to discover mysterious and hidden meanings in every word.

*P. 107, l. 16.* In the 'Iliad' Ulysses is represented as wily and glib of tongue.

*P. 107, l. 18.* Pythagoras believed in the theory of transmigration, and asserted that his own soul had inhabited the bodies of five men, of whom Euphorbus the Trojan was one. He was said to have had a golden thigh.

*P. 108, l. 7.* Empedocles, a philosopher of Agrigentum (about 444 B.C.), who was probably refused admittance on account of his sceptical opinions, met with his death by falling into the crater of Etna.

*P. 108, l. 19.* Carus, unknown, and possibly invented by Lucian.

P. 109, l. 4. Areus, an Alexandrine philosopher.

P. 109, l. 5. Epeus was the winner of the boxing-match at the funeral games of Patroclus, as recorded by Homer, 'Iliad,' bk. xxiii., l. 64.

P. 109, l. 5. The *pancratium* included wrestling and boxing.

P. 109, l. 9. Plutarch mentions a contest between Homer and Hesiod, in which the latter won unfairly.

P. 109, l. 19. Phalaris, the notorious Tyrant of Agrigentum, proverbial for his cruelty. His favourite mode of inflicting torture was roasting men alive in a brazen bull.

P. 109, l. 19. Busiris, an Egyptian king who sacrificed strangers to Zeus: he was killed by Hercules.

P. 110, l. 1. Diomedes, a king of a Thracian tribe, used to feed his mares on human flesh: also slain by Hercules.

P. 110, l. 2. Sciron, a Greek robber: as also Sinis, nicknamed Pityocampes = Pine-bender.

P. 110, l. 11. Socrates fought at the battle of Delium, B.C. 424, and, when the Athenians were routed and fled in disorder, retreated quietly and steadily, "calmly surveying friends and foes." On this occasion his superior courage was shown by not retreating at all.

P. 111, l. 12. A parody of 'Odyssey,' bk. i. l. 1.

P. 111, l. 17. Pythagoras, for some unknown reason (it is said, because he believed the souls of the dead to inhabit beans), refused to eat this vegetable, though a vegetarian.

P. 112, l. 18. Mr Collins ('Lucian,' "Ancient Classics Series") cites an old oath taken by travellers at Highgate, "not to stir the fire with a sword nor kiss a woman over two-and-twenty."

## CHAPTER III.

*P.* 118, *l.* 7. Calypso, a nymph who lived on the island of Ogygia, where Ulysses in his wanderings was shipwrecked. She fell in love with the hero, and promised him immortality on condition that he would remain with her and not return to his wife Penelope. Ulysses refused, whereupon Calypso detained him in the island for seven years, until compelled by the gods to release him.

*P.* 123, *l.* 8. Ctesias. See note on *p.* 2, *l.* 19.

*P.* 127, *l.* 1. Homer said there were two gates, one for truthful, the other for lying dreams. Virgil recognises two gates—one of horn, for *veræ umbræ*, *i.e.*, true spirits appearing in sleep, and the other of ivory, for delusive dreams.

*P.* 132, *l.* 4. Telegonus was sent out by Circe to seek for his father. Being shipwrecked on the island of Ithaca and pressed by hunger, he began to ravage the fields. Thereupon Ulysses marched against him, and was killed by his son, neither knowing the other.

*P.* 145, *l.* 4. The Minotaur was an ox-headed, man-eating monster, who lived in the Labyrinth in Crete. He was slain by Theseus with the help of Ariadne.

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